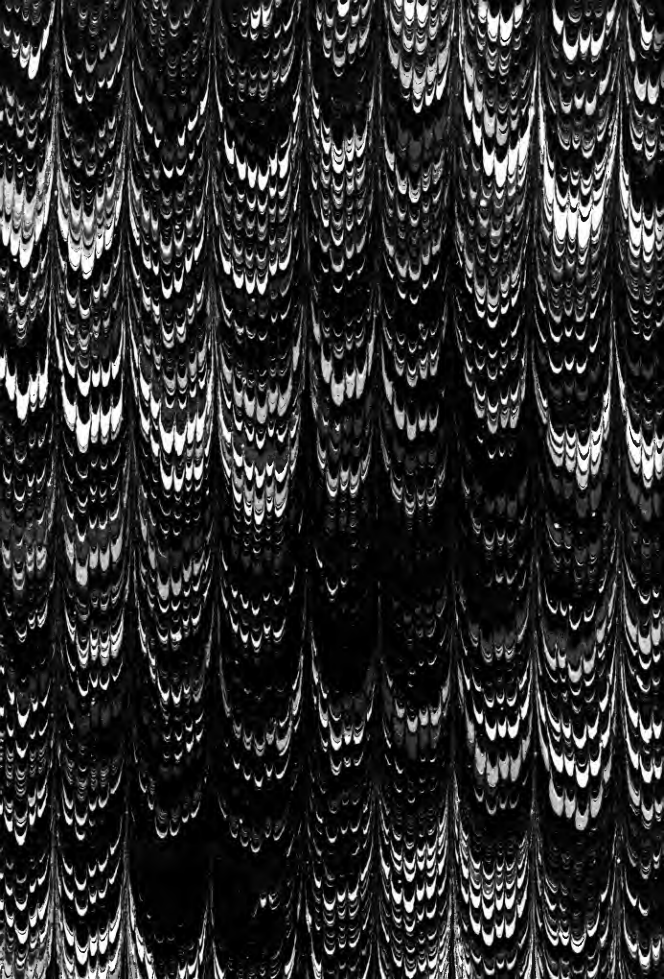




CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

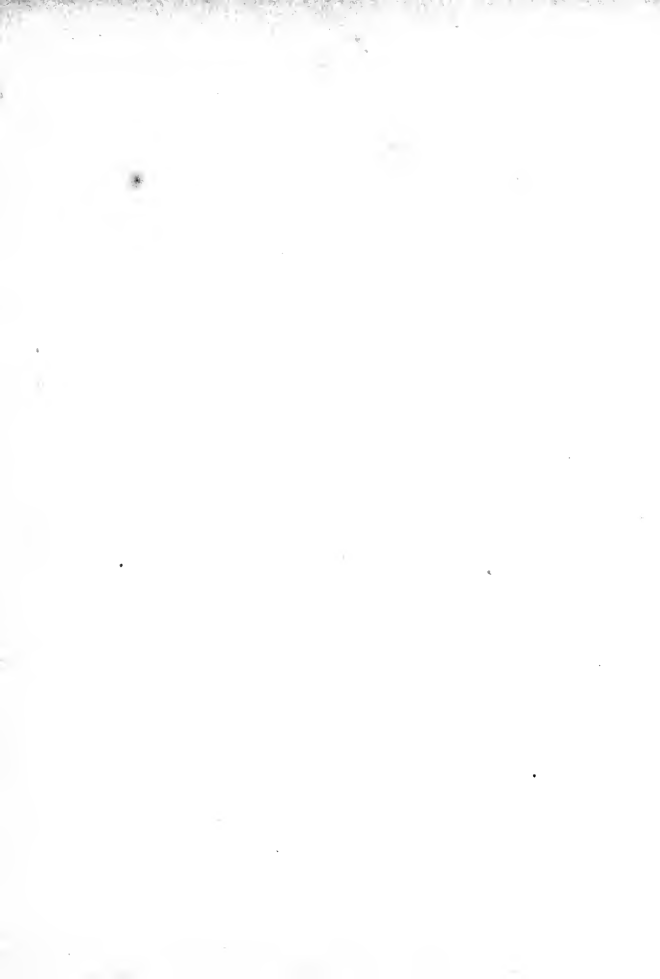




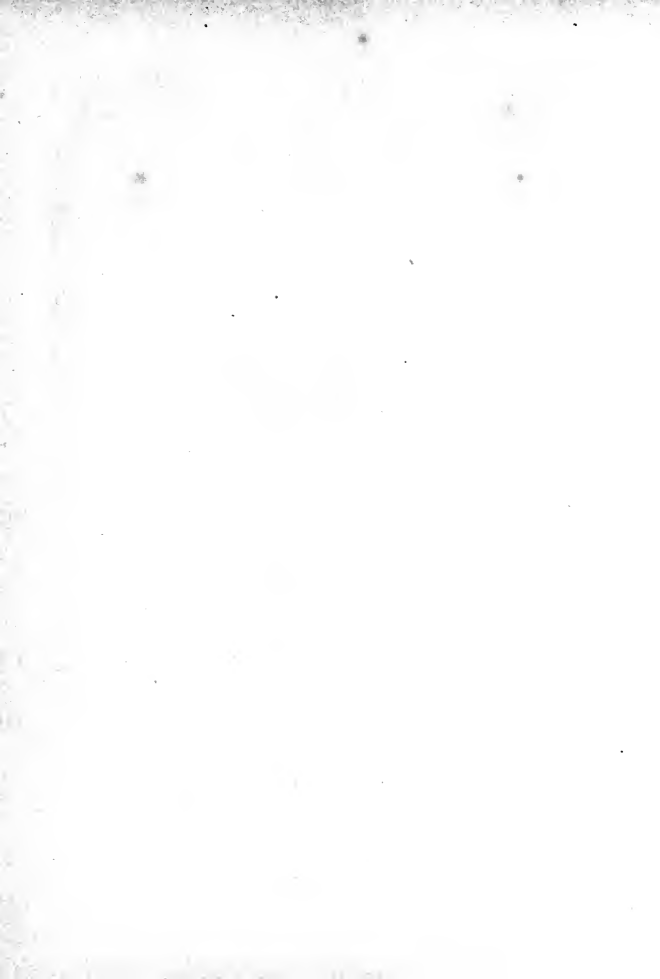
57

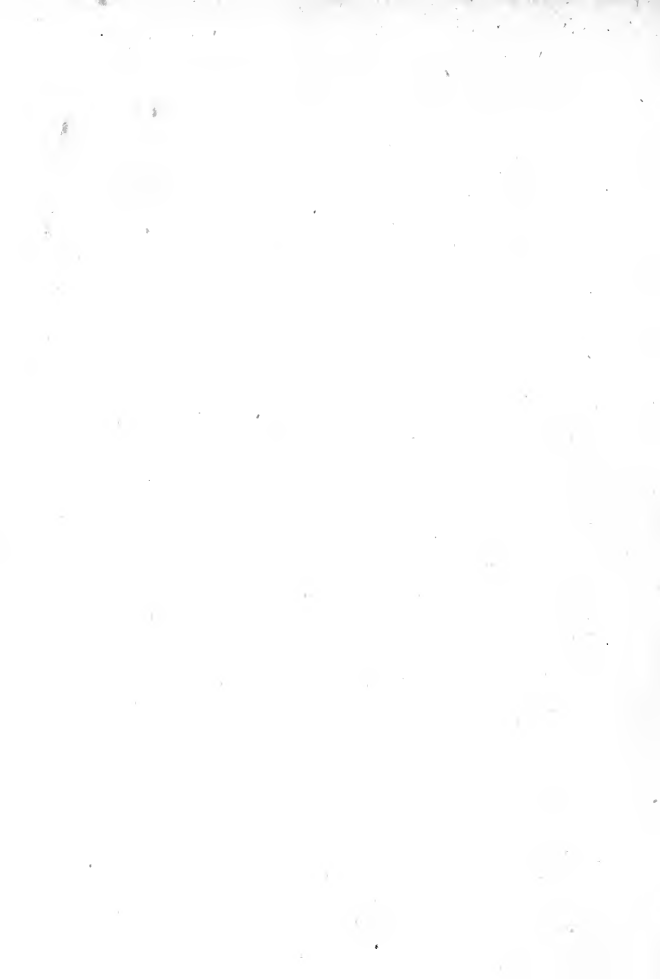
W













THE LITTLE BAKERS.

PLAYING TRADES.

BY

HERACLITUS GREY,

AUTHOR OF "IN VAIN," "ARMSTRONG MAGNEY," "KING GAB'S STORY BAG," ETC. ETC.

WITH SIXTEEN COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN,
LUDGATE HILL; AND 596, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

LONDON :
CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN, BELLE SAUVAGE WORKS,
LUDGATE HILL, E.C.



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
CAKE AND PIE	7
OUR CAKE	14
THE LARGE MEAT PIE	15

CHAPTER II.

THE COBBLER'S STALL	17
THE COBBLER'S SONG	25
THE MERRY COBBLER	26

CHAPTER III.

WIGS AND CLIPPING	27
NANETTA WITH THE CURLS OF GOLD	36
LADY CELESTINA AND THE GOLDEN LOCKS	44

CHAPTER IV.

THE UNHAPPY HAT	49
THE LITTLE LEAN HATTER	57

CHAPTER V.

PAPA'S OLD COAT	58
THE CLEVER TAILOR	65

CHAPTER VI.

BUBBLES OF GLASS	67
A SOAP-BUBBLE	76

CHAPTER VII.

THE FALL	78
THE MENDING	84
FAMILY WISDOM	86

CHAPTER VIII.		PAGE
THE WRETCHED OLD CHAIR		87
THE TWO DOCTORS		93
CHAPTER IX.		
OFF INTO THE COUNTRY		95
A HOLIDAY DITTY		102
CHAPTER X.		
THE FARM AND THE GARDEN		103
THE DESERT ISLAND		109
CHAPTER XI.		
PLAYING TRICKS		111
THE PRECIOUS UMBRELLA		118
CHAPTER XII.		
THE SMITHY		120
TIMOTHY TRIG'S TUSSELE		124
CHAPTER XIII.		
MILKING-PAIS		128
THE MILK-MAID		132
CHAPTER XIV.		
LOST IN THE WOOD		133
THE GIPSY TINKER		140
THE TINKER'S SONG		143
CHAPTER XV.		
THE OLD WATER-BUTT		144
A TALE OF A TUB		150
CHAPTER XVI.		
CHILDREN'S PLAY		157
GOOD-BYE		159

P R E F A C E .

IT will be seen at once that this book is largely made up of simple child's talk and of small events possible in any nursery. It is written solely for children, and in deference to a special request for a number of simple incidents connected with Trades. I venture to hope it may be found interesting to children to read, and suggest some fresh modes for their amusement.

THE AUTHOR.

PLAYING TRADES.

CHAPTER I.

CAKE AND PIE.

“You have been very good children,” said mamma, one day, “so now you may put up your lesson-books and have a good romp.”

“Oh, thank you, mamma dear,” said they all, and very soon slates, and copy-books, and lessons were all out of sight.

“But,” said Willie, the eldest boy, “won’t you come and play with us?”

“Yes, do!” cried Bobby, the next boy, running up to mamma’s chair.

“Yeth, do, muth!” said little Fidget, scrambling on to mamma’s lap.

The two girls came close up too, and began their pretty coaxing.

"It will be such fun for you to play with us," said Kitty, the elder one; "and we will promise not to hurt you, dear mamma."

"So which shall it be—Blindman's-buff, or Horses, or Here-we-go-round-the-mulberry-bush?" asked Willie.

"But I am so busy; I can't spare time for play just now," said mamma.

"Oh, mamma, I always play when they ask me," put in Polly, the other little girl.

"Why are you so busy?" asked Bobby, looking up very earnestly.

"Why," answered she, "this is baking-day, and I told cook I would help her make the bread, and something else you all like very much."

"Cakes! cakes!" they cried.

"And something else."

"Puthy-cat?" whispered little Fidget.

"What a goose!" cried Willie. "Mamma would not cook our pussy, would you, ma?"

"I saw a pussy-cat all cooked in the shop where we buy our cakes," put in Polly.

"No, my dear," said mamma; "that

must have been a hare or a rabbit. But you have not guessed what I am going to make—something that is cooked in an oven.”

“Dumplings!” cried Bobby.

“Apple pie!” said Kitty.

“Baked potatoes?” asked Willie.

“No, you can’t guess, so I must tell you,” said mamma. “I am going to make a famous pie—a pigeon pie—for dinner to-morrow. And now I must go and leave you with nurse.”

“Oh, no,” said Bobby; “we will come too, and see.”

“And we will all help,” said Kitty.

“I made a pudding once with some brown paper,” put in Polly.

Up jumped all the children round mamma, laughing and talking, and holding her dress, and would not let her go.

“You said we were good, mamma,” argued Willie, “so do give us this treat.”

“But which would be the treat,” she asked, “to see the pie made, or to eat it?”

“Both, both!” they cried. “Oh, do let us come!”

“Very well,” said mamma, “so you shall. But you must be quiet and not disturb cook, nor get in the way.”

So down they all went into the kitchen in high glee, but the cook began to look sorrowful when she saw their bright faces.

“Oh, if you please, ma’am,” said she, “here’s the child’en all pouring down-stairs like brick-bats!”

And, indeed, the patter of their feet did make a great noise.

“Never mind, cook,” said the mistress. “They have promised to be very good, and so for a treat I have let them come down, for once, to see how beautifully you make the bread.”

So the cook smiled, and began to tuck up her sleeves.

As for the children, they all stood very quiet at first, and Fidget was put into a chair, where he could see all the sight.

There, in a trough of wood, like a washing-

tray, was a great mass of dough, all ready to be rolled into bread. Very pretty it was to see the loaves kneaded into shape, and the round top put on to the fat body.

“That is the head being fixed on,” said Bobby; “and now see how much it looks like fat Aunt Betsy.”

“Oh, mamma,” said Willie, “do push in your finger to make two eyes and a mouth!”

This mamma did, and they clapped their hands at the odd face the loaf made at them; but mamma told them never to make fun of fat people, because it was not kind.

“My wooden doll is not fat, mamma,” put in Polly, “and yet I always give her some of my bread and milk.”

“But she does not open her mouth, and eat it,” said Willie, “and so, of course, she is starving.”

Then mamma made the great pie, and that was, indeed, a fine sight. The pigeons were cut up, and some pieces of beef-steak were dusted with flour, and then all were quietly laid side by side in the dish, as if they

were going to bed there. But the best of all was to see the crust rolled, and put over the dish like a thick sheet, and the edge crimped with a fork. And then mamma was so good as to mark the crust with the letters of the children's names.

"But what is that stick for?" asked Bobby, when he first saw the rolling-pin. "Is it to beat the crust for not doing what you want?"

"No," said mamma, "it is for pressing the dough, and making it smooth and even, and the shape I want for the dish."

Well, great fun it was to see all this; but all the time the boys and girls wanted to put a finger in the pie, and help their mamma. Sometimes, indeed, they came so near that cook began to fidget and look very glum.

"Ma'am," said she, "if these children do come so near, I shall be whitening 'em all over like a sack of flour."

"Oh, we don't mind," said Willie; "it looks so pretty."

"No, stand back, dears," said mamma,

“and when it is all done, you shall each make a biscuit.”

And so they did. Mamma rolled up together all the odd ends of dough, and each one cut and rolled out a biscuit, and marked on it the letter of his name. Then they were ready for baking like the rest.

And, last of all, the children had a little fun of their own. Cook went away to attend to the oven, and mamma lent Kitty the rolling-pin. Down she went on the floor, and began rolling the tablecloth like crust with all her might. Polly tucked up her sleeves, and made her arms in a fine mess in the dough-trough. As for the boys, Willie carried the great pie very carefully to the oven, and gave it to the cook, while Bobby found a dust-pan, and tied it very strongly to the end of a broomstick, to carry one of the loaves as he had seen the cook do. But she would not let him slip the loaf into the oven, but used a long wooden fork instead.

“Hadn’t the child’en best go up-stairs

now, ma'am," said she, "before they are all burnt up like cinders?"

"Yes, they are going now," answered the mamma.

And up they went, and were made tidy, ready for tea with papa, while the cook took her tea down-stairs.

"Oh, we have had fine fun," said Willie to papa, as soon as he came home; "we have been playing at making bread!" and then he told all the story.

And after tea papa made them up some rhymes.

OUR CAKE.

Flour and water
Mixed and mingled
Nutmeg grater
Gently jingled,
Plums and currants,
Eggs well beaten,
Salt and sugar—
Taste and sweeten—

Stir and stir it round and round.

Flour and water,
Wine and brandy,
Milk and butter,
Lemon candy ;
All things good,
And all things nice :
A pinch of snuff
And a pinch of spice—
Stir it once more round and round.
Here's our cake,
Now let it bake
Till it smokes all soundly browned.

THE LARGE MEAT PIE.

I.

There once lived a baker who grew very old ;
There was nothing he dreaded so much as the cold,
Except his fat wife, who was rather a sloven,
So all the day long he kept close to his oven.

II.

Now this little old baker he grew very ill,
But no physic would take save a loaf for a pill ;
And when at the last he felt sure he must die,
He made up his mind to bake one more large pie.

III.

So a whole butt of water and two sacks of flour
He kneaded to dough in that doleful last hour,
And made a crust wide as a white winding-sheet ;
For this baker he meant his own self for the meat.

IV.

For he said, " When I'm dead, then for once I'll be
hot,
And a pie for a coffin's a baker's just lot ;"
So when all was ready he crept safely in,
And was baked in his pie and was never more seen.





THE LITTLE SHOEMAKERS.

CHAPTER II.

THE COBBLER'S STALL.

"WHY, look at your boot, Fidget," cried the nurse one day when they were all out for a walk.

"It ith not on the wrong foot thith morning," he answered; "for I athed Bobby which wath my right leg."

"But there are two buttons off," said his sister Polly, "and it looks very ugly."

"Did you pull them off for marbles, Fidget?" asked Bob.

"No; he must have scraped them off with his other foot while we stood looking at the street-monkey. Don't you do that any more," said the nurse.

"My feet will rub againth one another," answered Fidget; "I never tell them to."

"But you must tell them not," said the nurse. "Now we must go to a shop, and

have some buttons sewn on with wax-end ; then they will be strong."

"What is a wax-end?" cried Bobby, directly. "Do you mean ends of wax candles?"

"You shall see for yourself," answered the kind nurse ; "for here is a cobbler's shop, and we will ask him to sew on the buttons."

"Oh, what a dear little house to live in !" cried Willie, peeping in at the door.

Now the cobbler's house was so small that there was only room for one person in it ; but that did not matter, as he lived all by himself ; and it was so low that a man could not stand upright in it, but that did not matter, because the cobbler was always sitting down ; and so narrow was it that his nose almost hit the glass window when he jerked the stitches with his arms ; but that was the best of it, because he could look out of window into the wide world so easily.

So all the children pushed their heads into the doorway as far as they could, to see the cobbler stitch on the buttons. As for Fidget,

he had to stand on one leg, and the nurse held him up by the door-post.

"What is your name, Mr. Cobbler, if you please?" asked Bobby.

"I go by the name of Wooden Jimmy," answered the old man, measuring off the long line of hemp as far as his arm would reach, to make the wax-end.

"But you are not really made of wood?" asked Bobby.

"Part of me is," said the cobbler.

"I have got a dolly made all of wood," put in little Polly.

The grizzly-haired old cobbler let the hemp fall on his leather apron, and just rolled it with his horny hand, and gave it a pull, and that separated it, leaving a fine end. Then he joined another hemp-line alongside of this, and another, and another, to make a strong wax-end.

"Is it the top of your head that is made of wood?" asked Bob. For there the grey hair was all worn off, and the cobbler's pate was bald and shiny.

At this question Wooden Jimmy's eyes twinkled a little, and he lifted up his long, dirty leather apron, and struck right out one wooden leg, almost knocking Willie over.

At this sight all the children looked at one another, and thought of the picture at home of their great grandfather who fought in a big ship, with an admiral's hat on his head, and a wooden leg pointing to the enemy; and Bobby stopped asking his questions.

"It was in the great wars when I fought along with the Duke of Wellington," said the brave old cobbler. "We lost many fine soldiers, and this here leg; but we won the battle," said he. "Ah, that was a day! The big guns roared like thunder, and the shots rained liked hail, and we all fought like madmen; and so much noise was there, and smoke, and hurry, that nobody knew till it was over how many legs and arms he had, or whether he was dead or alive."

All this while the cobbler held the loose lines of hemp up in his hand, and rubbed

them with a piece of hard, dark-brown, sticky cobbler's wax, to make a good wax-end.

"So, did the enemy shoot off your leg, please?" asked Bob, in a whisper.

"I believe they did, ill luck to them," answered the cobbler; "unless it was one of our own cannons by mistake. But it don't matter which now."

"And could not you ever find it again?" put in little Polly.

"I did not look for it," answered Wooden Jimmy; "it was not worth having."

"When I lost my stocking under the bed, I looked for it," Polly went on.

"Oh, that is different," cried her brother Willie.

Now by this time the cobbler had picked up a bristle from a little heap by the window, and held it against the fine broken ends of hemp. Now a bristle is neither more nor less than a long hair from a hog's back, and there it grows, without the pig knowing it, to help the cobbler to make boots and shoes. With his horny hand Wooden Jimmy rolled

the hemp-ends and the end of the bristle together on his apron, giving a rub every now and then with the cobbler's wax, and then he joined on a bristle in the same way at the other end ; and there was the wax-end made at last. Now the points of the bristles are to creep through the holes in the leather the cobbler makes with his awl, and then he takes firm hold of the wax-end, and pulls it right through, and gives a jerk, and there is a beautiful stitch made, the strongest in all the world.

"What have you got in that blue mug on the shelf behind?" asked Bob.

"Nothing," answered Wooden Jimmy.

"Is it there for ornament, then?" Bob went on.

"No ; it had the tea for my breakfast," answered Jimmy ; "and when my daughter brings my dinner she will take it away."

"Has she a wooden leg too?" asked Bob.

"Hush !" cried the nurse, "you must not ask such questions."

"But there is not room for her to come in," Bob went on. "Is not your house too small?"

"No; that is the beauty of it," said the cobbler. "Don't you see I can reach everything all the way round without getting up? and I can always see where everything is."

"But where is your bed, please?" asked Bob. "Do you go to sleep on your wooden leg like our turkey-cock, or does your daughter bring you a little bed when she brings the supper?"

"I go home to bed," said the cobbler.

"You must not ask such questions!" cried the nurse.

"But papa says I may always ask if I don't know, to save me from growing up stupid," said Bob.

"Your papa should best know the danger," said Wooden Jimmy.

"Why?" asked Bob.

"Because it is a wise father that knows his children well," answered the cobbler.

"Yes, he is wise," said Willie.

By this time the buttons were quite done, and the cobbler had made a fine wax-end to give to Bobby.

"Thank you," said he; "this is very kind. Now I shall go home and be a cobbler."

"Good-bye, Wooden Jimmy," said Willie, making a pretty bow.

"Good-bye," said all the children.

And what fine fun they had when they got home! They turned their play-room into a regular boot-shop. Polly pretended to be a lady, and came in to be fitted. She tried on her sister's boots, and mamma's boots, and nurse's, and all the boots they could find, even to the big pair of jack-boots that papa used to ride in. But none would fit, so she had her measure taken.

As for Willie, he set to work hammering a piece of wood, pretending it was a sole of leather on a last, and Bob jerked with his wax-end as he had seen the cobbler.

"Some day," said he, "I think I will be a real cobbler!"

"Oh, no!" cried his sister Katey; "it is

such dirty work. Did you see the cobbler's hands?"

"Well, of course; that is because he is not a cat," answered Bob, "so he can't sit all day licking his paws to make them clean."

"That is not kind of you," said Kitty. "You only say that because pa calls me Kitten."

"Then give me a kiss," answered Bobby, and the quarrel was stopped.

THE COBBLER'S SONG.

I.

Fix the boot well on the last,
Hold it in your knees right fast,
That's the way!
Make a hole now with the awl,
Let the wax-ends through it crawl,
Stitch away!

II.

Push the two wax-ends across,
Then pull with both your hands, of course,
With a jerk!

That's the way the stitches go,
And 'tis the very way I show
The cobblers work.

THE MERRY COBBLER.

There lived an old cobbler alone in his stall,
He lived upon nothing, he said, but his *awl* ;
Though deeply in debt he made both *ends* to meet,
And with only one leg he had six pairs of *feet*.
All day long, he declared, that he sat at his meals,
For his floor was all covered with *soles* and with *'eels*;
And the reason he lived to be ninety and past,
Was that never he knew how to breathe out his *last*.





THE LITTLE HAIR-CUTTERS.

CHAPTER III.

WIGS AND CLIPPING.

"HAVE not I been good, mamma, a long time?" said Willie one morning. "I have not teased my sisters and the cat, and I have not broken anything, and I have learnt all my lessons."

"What a fine list of good things," said his mamma, giving him a kiss, "and perhaps that is not all?"

"Oh, no, ma dear," answered Willie, "only it is so hard to recollect those sorts of things. But let me think—why, I saw a can of milk on a door-step, and I didn't tip it over, and I played fair at croquet on the lawn, though I wanted my ball nearer a hoop very badly, and a lot more things; but that is quite enough, isn't it?"

Mamma smiled at this, and said she was very well pleased.

"And you have washed your hands and face very prettily," said she, "so you shall

have a great treat. You are fond of having your hair cut, aren't you? so you shall go, and Bobby too."

Just then Bobby came into the room, and heard all about this, and both the boys were very well pleased.

"But, mamma," said Bob, "our hair is not so long as Kitty's and Polly's. Why should not ours grow long too?"

"Oh, fie!" cried Willie. "Then you would look so silly, and just like a girl."

"Then if they look silly with long curls, why aren't they cut off short too?" Bob asked.

"Why, then—don't you see?—there would not be any difference, and nobody could know a boy from a girl," answered Will.

"Yes, they could," said his brother, "because they wear dresses and petticoats; couldn't they, mamma?"

"My dears, don't you know that boys run about more than girls, and long hair would be in the way?" their mamma answered. "Boys' sports are more rough and untidy. Besides, girls wear trimmings, and flowers

and colours, and the long curls look pretty. But we want our boys to be strong and clever."

After this talk the two boys went off with the nurse to Mr. Clip's shop.

Down sat Willie on a chair before a looking-glass, and cried out, "I'll be done first, because I am the eldest."

"No," said Bobby, "I ought to be done first, because my hair is the longest."

They argued this matter a long time till Mr. Clip came up, and said that whichever had his hair cut first, his pleasure would be over the soonest.

Then they both wanted to be last.

"Shall we toss up for it?" asked Bobby.

"No!" cried the nurse, "or mamma will be grieved."

But, by this time, up came Mr. Clip with his long scissors and brushes sticking in the pockets of his white apron, and with a long white sheet in his hand.

"Young gentlemen," said the barber, "as it does not particularly matter which is done

first, please allow me to begin with the one already on the chair."

So Bobby sat looking on to see all that Mr. Clip did. Snip, snip, snip, went the big scissors, and the little patches of hair fell on the white sheet in which Willie was wrapped.

"You do look a guy," said Bob, "just like a ghost."

Willie bobbed up his head to look in the glass, and almost scratched against the sharp scissors.

"A little more and I should have clipped your ear off," said Mr. Clip, screwing down Willie's head in a very uncomfortable manner. "And please, Master Bobby, do not talk to your brother."

"Very well," said Bob, "then please, Mr. Clip, what were you doing to that old gentleman when we came in? Why did you push his head into the basin, and froth him all over with soap?"

"Why, to wash it," answered the barber; "that is what we call shampooing."

“Dear me!” said Bobby. “but why does he not wash it at home?”

“You can’t wash everything at home,” answered Mr. Clip.

“No, mamma sends a great many things to the washerwoman,” said Bob; “and is that why he brings his head here?”

“Why, of course he could not send it without cutting it off,” put in Willie, turning his head again.

“I am afraid I shall cut a piece of your head off, unless you are more still,” said Mr. Clip, screwing Willie’s head down again.

“I shall get off my chair, and see what there is in the room,” said Bob. “Oh, Mr. Clip, what a lot of fine wigs you have!”

There was a case with a glass door full of wigs little and big, plain and frizzed, with long curls and short, black and brown and red, yellow and grey, fine like gold, and white as silver. There were curls of all shades, and tresses of hair of all shapes, and splendid moustaches, fierce and fine.

“Are these taken off dead people, and kept for show?” asked Bobby.

“They are for show on the heads of any one who likes to buy them,” answered Mr. Clip. “And let me tell you they are so finely made that no one can tell they are false when they are put on.”

“Oh, then, will you please put me on a long beard like papa’s!” cried Bobby. “I want to look old so much, and then I could stop up with the old people, and not be sent off to bed.”

“But everybody would know what a little boy you are, when they saw your knickerbockers,” said Willie; “besides, I don’t suppose pa and ma would forget.”

By this time Willie got up, for Mr. Clip had finished cutting his hair, and Bobby sat down in his place.

Meanwhile Willie began to read out loud a label on a squabby, long-necked, green bottle. This was it—

“The Magic Wash. For restoring the natural hair in all cases of baldness. To be

rubbed on morning and evening till the hair reappears."

Just then a short fat lady came into the shop out of the parlour, and beckoned to speak to Mr. Clip. Now this lady had a very kind face, but it was very large, and her cap was on one side, and showed that she was very bald.

"Is that a lady come to have her head rubbed?" asked Bobby, as soon as the barber came back.

"No," said he, "it is my wife."

"But here is a bottle that would make her hair grow, wouldn't it?" said Willie, holding out the Magic Wash.

"Hold your head still," said Mr. Clip to Bobby, screwing it down.

"Yes," said he, "but I can go on talking all the same. Perhaps your wife will not use that bottle because she likes to look bald and old? Is that it, please?"

"You must not ask such questions," cried the nurse.

"I can't talk just now," said the barber, "for fear of clipping your ear off."

Well, as soon as they got home, the two boys ran up-stairs, and told their sisters where they had been, and how pleasant it was to have the hair cut.

"Oh, I wish I had been too," cried Polly.

"I shall ask mamma to take me," said Kitty.

"Oh, you need not do that," answered Willie, "for we know all about it now, and can do your hair just as well."

"Really!" said Polly.

"That we can," said Bobby, "so come along into papa's dressing-room."

Off they all went, and a fine mess they made.

Kitty sat up on a chair with her head over a basin, and screamed out while Bobby squeezed a sponge of cold water over her.

"That is not right of you," said Bobby, "the old gentleman did not make a noise."

Then he rubbed the soap over till her hair was all in a froth.

As for Polly, she sat as still as she could on another chair, while Willie combed her

long hair; but she could not help crying "Oh!" now and then, when her brother tugged her rather hard.

"I don't think I will cut off much to-day," said Willie, "because our scissors are not big enough."

"No, I won't have any cut off!" cried his sister.

Just then the door opened, and who should come in but papa.

"Odds, bobs!" cried he; "what are you doing here?"

Then they told him all about it, and he sent them off to the nurse to be made tidy; and then, at tea, the two boys gave an account of the wigs, and of all they had seen at the barber's.

"But," said Bobby, "where does all the hair come from to make the wigs, please?"

"Some, but not much," answered the papa, "is cut off the heads of women sent to prison; but most of the hair is bought from very poor people in England, Germany, France, and other countries."

“If you like, I will tell you a story about this, when the things are cleared away,” said mamma.

“Oh, do—do!” cried all the children. So when everything was cosy and quiet, mamma began her tale.

N A N E T T A

WITH THE CURLS OF GOLD.

“In a certain pretty village, where the bright corn-fields came down almost to the backs of the little cottages, and where the waves of the sea ran almost up to the doors in front, there lived a poor old woman, who had no one in the world to love her except her daughter Nanetta. But in fact she did not need any one else to care for her, for Nanetta was good and gentle, and merry of heart, and sang pretty songs over her work; and she had the most beautiful long, silky, flaxen hair, like a veil of golden sunshine.

“‘You are the comfort of my life, Nanetta,’ said the old mother, ‘and when I look at

your sweet face, and stroke your curls of gold, I forget all my troubles.'

"For indeed many troubles had she had. Her husband, who was called Long Jakes, because his arms were so long, was drowned in a storm out at sea, and nothing was ever found of him except his blue cotton cap and the broken rudder of his fishing-boat. Then, two years after, her big son, Daring Jakes, was lost at sea in trying to save some poor shipwrecked sailors; but his body was washed ashore, and everybody in all the village followed it to the grave. Since then the old mother had lived with Nanetta in a little cottage, earning their bread by knitting jackets and stockings. And very happy they were, except when the great winds blew, and the awful waves dashed and thundered on the beach; for then they remembered how cruelly the storms had served them of old, and the old mother would sit still and cry, and Nanetta would kneel down and pray for the poor sailors out on the deep.

"Now in this village there was a young

fisherman called Bluff Ted, because he was so hearty, and strong, and plain-spoken; and, in his heart, he deeply loved sweet Nanetta with the golden curls.

“ ‘She shall be my little wife,’ said he, ‘and then I shall have sunshine even in the depths of winter.’

“ So one day he asked her to walk down on the beach, and there he showed her a pretty cottage just built, with roses beginning to climb over the door.

“ ‘This cottage,’ said he, ‘have I built for you, Nanetta, if you will be my wife; and there’s a little room where your mother shall live. What do you say?’

“ But Nanetta could say nothing, she was so happy. So he bent down and gave her a kiss, and home they walked, arm in arm, together.

“ ‘One more long fishing journey must I take,’ said he, ‘to get money to buy our tables and chairs, and pretty cups and saucers, and then will we be married. So give me one golden curl to kiss every day while I am far away on the sea.’

“ So Nanetta cut off a gold curl, and every day she knelt down and prayed for Bluff Ted, and very often while she was at her knitting, too, while he was far away, gone to catch the cod-fish.

“ But soon there came a dreadful storm, and the windows rattled with fear, and the winds roared and groaned, and the vast waves rolled high, like mountains covered with snowy froth, and dashed on the beach with a noise of thunder.

“ And the poor old mother shook and trembled, and thought of sad old times, and of Bluff Ted, far on the deep, and wept full sore, and could not speak for sorrow, and fell very ill.

“ And now came bitter trouble, for all day and night Nanetta waited on her sick mother, and could scarcely do a stitch of work ; and they were very poor, and had no money in their purse, and no bread in the cupboard. Moreover, the doctor said that every day the sick mother must have beef-tea, and a little wine, and a bit of meat or fish to eat.

“ ‘ But I won’t have fish,’ said the old woman ; ‘ for that comes out of the cruel sea.’

“ ‘ And now whatever shall I do ?’ said Nanetta to herself one day while she watched her poor mother in bed. ‘ I have sold our clock, and my Sunday gown, and my pretty ear-rings, to buy a little food and wine. I cannot ask our neighbours to help us, for they are all so poor. Oh, if my Ted would only come back ! But that dreadful storm, perhaps, has killed him, and I shall never see him more !’

“ Then she had a good cry, and knelt down to pray, and began to think again what she should do.

“ ‘ I know—I know !’ she said to herself ; ‘ I will go up to Moiling-town !’

“ So she called in a neighbour to sit with her mother, and off she journeyed to Moiling-town.

“ Now this is where she took her knitting for sale ; and this is where she often went on Sunday to the grand old grey church. There she used to sit and sing, with a white village

cap on her head, and her long golden hair round her face, like one of the saints in the painted window. And many a time she had prayed there for the sailors on the deep.

“Well, one day Mr. Bonnycheek, the chief barber of Moiling-town, said that he would like to buy her beautiful long hair to make a wig; but she shook her head.

“‘Thirty shillings will I give you for it,’ said he; ‘and think what a lot of fine ribbons you can buy with that!’

“‘No, thank you, sir,’ said she; for she knew that Bluff Ted loved her golden curls more than all the fine ribbons in the world.

“But things were changed now, and Nanetta wanted the money to buy a little wine and meat, to save her poor mother from sinking to death.

“So off she went to Mr. Bonnycheek’s shop, and told him she would sell her hair for her dear old mother’s sake.

“‘Then,’ said he, ‘two golden sovereigns will I give you, for your mother’s sake, for your golden hair, and may good luck soon

come back to you from over the sea : ' for Mr. Bonnycheek had a kind heart.

" Then home went Nanetta again with her gold hair very short under her cap, and took care of her old mother, and nursed her up well with the money, and was very glad when she began to get better ; but for all that felt sad in heart at the loss of her long hair. ' For,' said she, ' what will Ted say when he sees me like this ? He will say I am not his Nanetta at all, and will run away from me off to the great sea again.'

" Well, one night while she was sadly thinking all this, rap-rap comes at the door, and who should rush in but Bluff Ted, not drowned at all, but strong and sunburnt, with a great joy shining in his merry blue eyes.

" ' Why, Nanetta, how pale you look ! ' he cried, and clasped her in his arms, and gave her many kisses.

" ' There ! you look better now ! ' said he, for indeed her blushes made her cheeks like roses.

" ' But,' she whispered, ' I am afraid you will not love me now.'

“ ‘Why, my sweet Nanetta? have you been doing something very wicked?’ he asked.

“ ‘Don’t you see,’ she answered, ‘I have had all my curls cut off? But indeed it was because my poor mother was ill, and I wanted some money to help her.’ And then she told all the story.

“ ‘Why, you dear good girl!’ cried Bluff Ted, ‘I love you better than ever for this!’ and no one can say how many kisses he gave her.

“So very soon they were married, and very happily they lived in the pretty cottage, with the old lady in her little room, and Bluff Ted did not go on any long voyages again.

“And as for Nanetta’s fine gold hair, by degrees it grew again as long as before, and always there was sunshine in the little cottage, even in the depths of winter.”

“Thank you, mamma!” cried the children; “and now, papa, you ought to tell us a story too.”

“Very well,” said he; “shake yourselves and sit down in your places and then I’ll begin.”

LADY CELESTINA

AND THE GOLDEN LOCKS.

“In a certain city, where the rich people kept on dressing themselves all day, because they had nothing else to do, and liked to look very fine, there lived a young lady, named Celestina, with a thin head of hair of a whitey-brown colour.

“ ‘ Nobody takes any notice of me,’ she said to herself sadly one day ; ‘ I go to all the balls I can, and flower-shows, and concerts, and churches, but it is all of no use ; I might just as well stay at home. I know what I will do ! ’

“With these words off she went to the first hairdresser’s in the town and asked him to show her the very finest wig that he had.

“ ‘ I have just got ready the most lovely wig of long flaxen hair that ever was seen,’ said Mr. Bonnycheek, for that happened to be his name. And with these words he showed Lady Celestina a mass of silky pale gold curls, like a veil of trailing sunshine.

“ ‘Oh, that is beautiful!’ cried the lady. So she had her own hair dyed to match, and then the long gold curls were fixed cleverly on, and every day Lady Celestina drove in the park in her carriage, and went to every place to be seen, to make people notice her fine head of hair.

“Now in those parts there lived a noble, with a great park and a castle, called Lord Bill Nilly, and one day, on the promenade, he fell deeply in love with Lady Celestina’s long locks of gold.

“ ‘That lady will I have for my wife,’ said he; ‘for she has more hair than any one in the town, and the colour of it is as rare as gold.’

“So Lord Bill Nilly found out her name, and went to a ball and danced with her, and sat down by her side in the park to hear a band, looking at her lovely hair all the time, until at last my lord asked her to come to a great picnic at Nilly Castle.

“ ‘Then,’ said he to himself, ‘when she has seen my grand place, I will ask her to be

my bride ; for her lovely hair will suit my fine rooms, all decorated with gold.'

"So when the day came, Lady Celestina had her golden locks frizzed up with more care than ever before, for she said in her heart, 'I know Lord Bill Nilly means to ask me to be his bride, and then I shall be the lady over a fine castle.'

"Well, all the grand ladies and nobles of the city came to the picnic, and every one admired the fine locks of gold, and knew that Lord Bill Nilly was deeply in love with them from the way in which he behaved. And then, in the very midst of the picnic, my Lord Bill Nilly gave his arm to Lady Celestina, and led her up the winding-stair of a tower to see all his grand place, and what a fine lord he was.

"But all that day little puffs of wind kept blowing, and even on the lawn Lady Celestina was afraid something might happen, for her hair was frizzed up very high indeed. So, when my lady found herself on the top of the tower she hoped in her heart that no great puff of wind would come.

“ ‘My dear Lady Celestina,’ said Lord Bill Nilly, when he had shown her what a fine lord he was, ‘do you think you would like to be the lady of such a place as this?’ and all the while he was stroking very gently the curling ends of the fine gold hair. But just then a great puff of wind came and caught the frizzy wig.

“ ‘Oh, dear, dear, dear!’ screamed Lady Celestina, putting up her hands to save it.

“ But she was too late. Off went the wig, with the long curling hair spread out in the wind; off it went from the top of the tower, falling lower and lower before all the grand people; and there was Lady Celestina left by the side of my lord, with only a tiny bonnet on, and a little thin, dyed hair.

“ ‘Oh, what shall I do? What did you bring me up here for?’ cried the poor lady. ‘I am so ashamed, I can never go down!’

“ Now the grand folks soon saw what it was floating down from the tower, and some of them rudely began to laugh, for they had felt a great envy of the fine hair. And then

one lady caught the wig on her parasol, and carried it up the tower again.

“But Lady Celestina only tucked it in her pocket, and went out of the castle by the back-door, and left that fine town altogether, for she was ashamed to be seen there any more.

“As for Lord Bill Nilly, all he said was this: ‘Who could have thought I was only in love with a wig?’”





THE LITTLE HATTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE UNHAPPY HAT.

It is very hard for boys and girls to live without a little mischief. This is partly because their limbs are so young and sprightly, that they can't keep still. The lambs frisk about, and the spring leaves and flowers grow, and never stop, and kittens run after their tails, and tangle reels of cotton, and tip the quiet old pussy mamma over head and heels. And so boys and girls, when they are strong and well, keep moving about all day till they are tired enough for bed, and find out all manner of pranks. And very happy this is while it is all done in fun, and does no damage; but it is a great pity if they make one another cry, or grieve papa and mamma.

Well, one day a number of gentlemen came to take dinner with papa, and they left their hats all together in a little room leading out of the hall.

“You must be good and quiet to-day,”

said mamma, "and stop up-stairs with nurse, and make no noise."

So they played at marbles in the nursery, and looked through their picture books, and were very good till nurse took off little Fidget to put him to bed.

Then up got Bobby and peeped out of the nursery door.

"I am tired of being up here," said he, "I shall creep down-stairs."

So down he went very slowly.

But Willie soon got up off his chair too, and went out on tip-toe, and peeped over the banisters, and there he saw Bobby on the landing below, and down he crept too, very quietly.

"I wonder where they have gone to," said Kitty; "I shall go and see."

Then she peeped down-stairs, and saw Willie on the landing below, and down she crept too, without making any noise.

"I don't like being left all alone," said Polly to herself; "it makes the room look so big."

So out she crept too, and saw her sister on the landing below; and went down the stairs like a mouse.

So there they were all on the stairs, Bobby near the bottom, and Willie by the drawing-room door, and Kitty half way down, and Polly following after.

Bobby got to the bottom first, spying about, and there he saw a lot of fine black tall hats in the little room leading out of the hall. So he put his finger to his lips, and beckoned Willie to come in too. And Willie heard a tiny creeping on the stairs, and looked up, and saw Kitty, and put his finger to his lips, and beckoned her to come along too. And Kitty did the same to little Polly, and there, at last, all four of them stood as quiet as scarecrows looking at one another in the room of the hats.

Then so odd all this seemed to Boboy that he put his hand over his mouth, and almost began to laugh. And Willie held his sides, and Kitty shut her lips very tightly, and Polly stuffed her handkerchief almost

down her throat, and there they all stood looking at one another, and ready to burst, like pretty scarecrows shaking in the wind without a single sound.

At last they all got better, though Kitty giggled a little out loud, and then Bobby said what a capital thing it would be to play at making hats.

"I will show you the way," said he, in a whisper, "for I went into a hat-shop with papa once, and saw the men at work."

Then he picked up a glossy hat, and rubbed the nap the wrong way, till it looked all fluffy and rough.

"Oh, dear," whispered Kitty, "how dreadful it looks! They will be so angry."

"Oh, no, they won't," answered Bobby, "for now we will get it smooth again."

Then he found Kitty a brush, and showed her how to rub it round and round; and it came a little better, but still it showed patches of fluff.

"Whatever shall we do?" said Kitty; "they will be so angry, for it is quite spoilt."

Then Bobby thought a little, and said that he remembered the man smoothed the hats with a flat iron. So down he crept on tip-toe into the kitchen, and managed to carry off an iron from the dresser without being seen. But it was quite cold, and neither he nor Kitty could make the poor hat come right.

But in the meantime Fidget was put to bed, and the nurse came back to the children, but could find them nowhere, no, though she looked in cupboards, and boxes, and under the beds, and behind the curtains, and in all the hiding-places she could think of.

“I suppose they have been taken into the drawing-room,” thought she; “but I am afraid they were not very tidy.”

Just then the bell rang, and she made sure it was to take the children away again. So off went the nurse to the drawing-room, but not a single child was to be seen; so there she stood holding on to the handle of the door, with her eyes and her mouth wide open.

Then up rose the mistress, and said to

her, in a whisper, "Nurse, whatever is the matter?"

"Oh, the children!" she gasped. "They are lost! They are all gone!"

"Nonsense," said the mamma, gently; "we will soon find them;" but in her heart she felt a great fear.

So into every room they looked, from the top of the house to the bottom, till they came to the little room of the hats.

And there a fine sight met their eyes! Willie was trying on the hats to see which fitted him best, but they all slipped on to his shoulders. Polly was pulling up a lining to see what was underneath, Kitty was ironing a very smooth hat with the cold flat iron, and Bobby was pointing out a fluffy patch on the poor hat that would not come right.

"My dear children!" cried the mamma, "this is very wrong of you!" and then she explained, in a sad voice, what fear she and nurse had felt, and how naughty it was of them to be disobedient.

And when they saw how grieved mamma

was, they all felt very sorry, and the two little girls began to cry.

“We won’t do it any more,” said Willie; “but, indeed, we did not think it was so naughty.”

Then mamma said she did not believe they had meant any harm, and she said these words:—

“‘Evil is wrought
For want of thought,
As well as want of heart.’

And now,” said she, “you must all go straight off to bed, and this you must do quietly to show you are sorry.”

“Very well, mamma,” said Bobby, “but I am the worst; I have been a very bad boy. I led them all down-stairs, and, oh, dear mamma, I have spoilt this hat; for it will not come smooth again.”

And then he explained all they had done. And the poor hat really would not come right again, though mamma tried her best too.

“There is only one thing left to be done,” said mamma; “you must come in with me

and ask the gentleman whose hat it is, and beg pardon."

"Oh, how dreadful!" cried little Polly; "but you won't let him hurt Bobby, will you, ma?"

Then the children waited outside with nurse, as quiet as mice, and afraid every moment to hear Bobby beaten. And in went he with his mamma, and hung down his head with shame, and could not speak a single word.

So mamma kindly did this for him, and told the gentleman he had come to beg pardon; and the gentleman answered in a very kind voice, that he could see Bobby had done his best to make the hat smooth again, and so he freely forgave him.

And Bobby tried to say thank you, but his sobs stopped him, and out he came with mamma, and asked her to kiss him just once; and then he said his prayers, and off he went to bed, saying to himself that he would never learn to be a hatter.

THE LITTLE LEAN HATTER.

In a little old shop lived a little lean hatter ;
He worked all day long with a fidgeting clatter,
With irons and brushes, and hot water splatter,
While on the round block went his hands pit-a-patter.

His greatest delight was to sit at his platter,
Though his wife gave him nothing but thin tea and batter,

On which pappy diet he never grew fatter,
Indeed than his waistcoat no flounder was flatter.
“ But still, after all,” said he, “ what does it matter ?
A bulkier body my coughing might shatter,
And my wife would keep cross even though I could flatter,

Nor would she turn kind if I threw my plate at her.
So as of good words I have learnt a small smatter,
I’ll live till I die,” said this lean little hatter.

CHAPTER V.

PAPA'S OLD COAT.

"You seem very fond of playing at trades" said papa, the next morning at breakfast.

"That we are," answered Willie; "it is more fun than our regular games."

"I am very glad of it," said papa. "It teaches you to use your eyes and ears to notice things; and it sharpens your wits, and makes your fingers clever to imitate what you see. Only you must always be careful not to get into mischief."

"That we will, dear papa," said Bobby; "and when we grow up, we will be so useful."

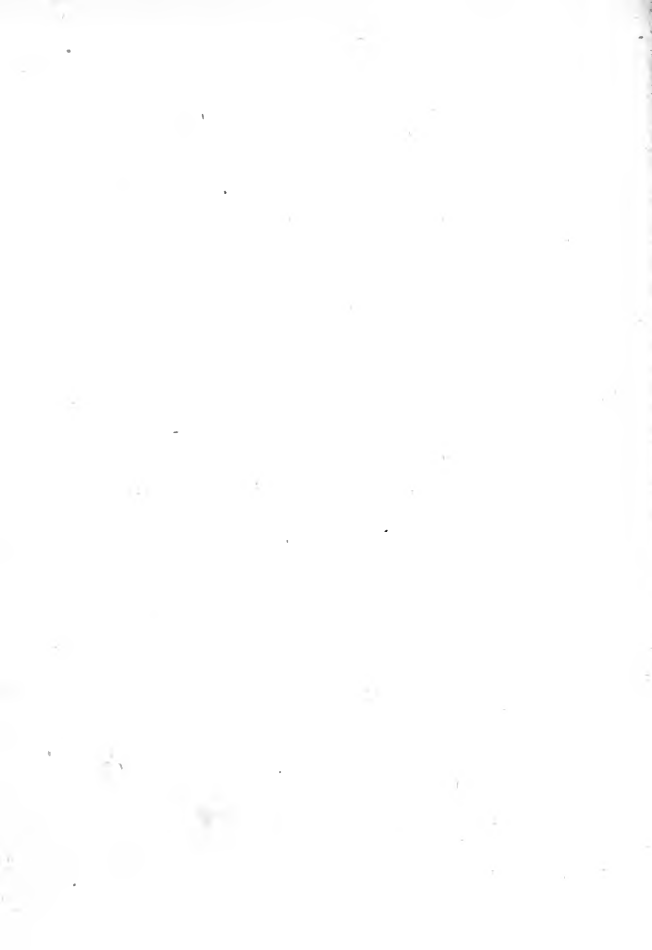
"We will build a house, and make the tables and chairs, and the cups and saucers, and the pictures, and everything, perhaps," said Willie.

"When you are shipwrecked on a desert island, like Robinson Crusoe," said papa.

"Oh, wouldn't that be fine!" cried Kitty, clapping her hands.



THE LITTLE TAILORS.



"I hemmed a whole pocket-handkerchief myself," put in little Polly.

"Oh, do let us all go to a desert island, papa!" said Bobby.

"To begin with," he answered, "we will all go into the country later in the summer."

"Oh, how good of you, dear papa!" cried Polly; and she climbed up on papa's knees to give him a lot of kisses.

Well, when papa had gone away to see to his business, and when the children had done all their lessons, Willie began to think what they should do for some fun.

"Let us do something to please papa," said Kitty, "because he is so kind."

"That we will," said Bobby; "and I have thought of a plan. We will mend one of papa's old coats."

So they asked mamma if they might play at being tailors, and she said, "Yes," and off they went to papa's dressing-room; and so quiet were they that mamma only peeped in once or twice and then left them all to themselves.

As for Fidget, so restless was he all this day, that nurse had no peace. He pulled down her hair, and crawled under the chair and pulled off her boots, and pulled the cat's tail till she scratched him, until at last nurse took him out with her to buy some curl-papers and sugar-stick.

So, when all was quiet, Bobby opened papa's drawers, and took out a lot of things. First, he tried on a pair of trousers, but the legs were so long that he could not move about in them at all, and Polly had to pull them off again for him. Then he put on a black dress-coat, but the tail swept along the ground almost like a lady's dress, and the sleeves hung over his hands so far that, fumble about as he might, he could feel nothing with them. But for all that, when he looked in the glass he was very well pleased, and said that he looked very much like the gentleman whose hat he had rubbed the wrong way the night before.

"But it is too long for me," said he. "How would it do, Polly, if you were to

take the scissors and cut off these long tails, and cut the arms shorter?"

"But then it would not fit papa again," said Willie.

"Oh, no—no!" cried Kitty, "you must not do that; it would be dreadful naughty."

"But I did not mean it," Bobby explained; "it was only in fun. I will have my measure taken for a coat of the right size."

Then Polly found a long piece of tape, and began taking the measure like a little tailor.

Meanwhile Willie had found a loose old coat that papa sometimes put on for breakfast in the morning. Now, indeed, this coat was very old, with holes in the pocket, and a split in the collar, and a great tear through the sleeve, and what colour it used to be was hard to say; for now it was rather brown and rather white, and very blue. But so comfortable was it, and so full of pockets, that papa would not give it quite up.

Well, Kitty found a needle and thread, and then Willie set to work in deep earnest, stitching away with might and main; and so

much thread did he use that Kitty grew quite tired of threading the needle. But at last the piece of work was done, and the great gap in the sleeve was gone, and not one hole was left in the pockets—no, not so much even as to put the hand in. But Willie did not know this, for he stitched up the holes without seeing exactly where the needle went.

“There,” cried he, “there’s a fine job! Won’t papa be pleased! We will show it to him after tea.”

Then he got up, and stretched his legs, for he had been sitting on the drawers in the light of the window, with his legs put one across the other like a little tailor, until so stiff were they that they quite ached. But this he did not mind at all, so pleased was he with his fine piece of work.

Well, tea-time came, and papa came home, and asked them what they had been doing, for he could tell from their faces that something had happened; but no one would tell him, for they said it was a great secret, and he must please to wait until after tea.

And then they all fetched down the old coat, tightly rolled up like a roley-poley pudding, and told their papa how hard they had been at work to please him.

So they all stood still, holding in their breath as if there was a dead body rolled up in the bundle, while papa cut the strings that fastened it up. And there, at last, the old coat came out, full of big stitches.

"I am afraid," said Willie, "that some of the stitches are rather long, but that is to make it all the stronger."

"And now you must put it on, papa," said Kitty, very gravely.

And this he tried to do, pushing his hand into the sleeve, but it would not go up. He pushed, and pushed, but there his hand stopped just where the great tear was that Willie had stitched up.

"Why, you tinkering little tailor," said papa, "you have stitched the arm right through."

"Have I, papa?" cried he. "Oh, I am so sorry."

Then mamma took her scissors and cut the stitches inside to let the arm go in, but then the great tear opened its wide mouth again.

"There, mamma," cried Kitty; "see what you have done! You have spoilt all our work."

"I tore my frock once, climbing into my chair," put in little Polly.

Well, when the arms were in, papa tried all the pockets, but every one was closed up with Willie's great stitches.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I am so sorry!" said he. "Please forgive me, papa, for indeed I did not mean to serve your coat such a trick."

But papa was not angry at all; indeed he began to laugh, and so did they all, and grew very merry over Willie's bad stitches.

"It is but an old coat," said papa, "and could not well be spoilt; but this may teach you not to try your skill on anything new or good. But it is no great wonder. Nothing can be done right without learning."

“And next time you play at trades,” said mamma, “you had better ask me about it first, and I will give you some old things to use.”

THE CLEVER TAILOR

I

Now who do you think is the cleverest of men,
The lawyer, or soldier, or sailor ?
The man with a sword or the man with a pen ?
Asked little Snip Stitchit the tailor.

II.

The first in the world, do you think he's the king,
The bishop, or actor, or poet ?
The man who can paint or the man who can sing ?
Now look up your reason and show it.

III.

The man unto whom the most court should be paid,
Do you think he's the judge or the gaoler ?
The prince, parson, baker, or rich man in trade ?
Oh, no ! said Snip Stitchit the tailor.

IV.

Why, of course it is he who makes these what they
are,

The tumbler, the lord, and the soldier ;
One man for the pole and one man for the bar—
You must not forget when I've told you.

V.

For you see it is I who do all of these things,
I make up the soldier and sailor ;
I dress the poor bodies up, judges and kings,
Said merry Snip Stitchit the tailor.

VI.

If it was not for me they would all be alike,
The beggar as fine as the beadle ;
So greater than king, poet, pope, and such like,
Is Snip Stitchit the man with the needle.





THE LITTLE GLASS-BLOWERS.

CHAPTER VI.

BUBBLES OF GLASS.

THAT was, indeed, a fine day when papa took the children to see over a place where all sorts of things were made of glass. At first mamma thought that little Fidget should stay at home, in case he burnt himself at the furnace of fire, or broke some of the beautiful things. But he promised to stand close by papa's side, and so he went with the rest. And, indeed, so wonderful was the place, and so strange, that all the children kept quite near to papa and mamma, and did not get into any trouble at all.

They were all taken into a large room, with walls built of bare brick, and with a sloping roof with great rafters of wood. And this great room was quite round, and along the walls were all sorts of tables and shelves and slabs, some of wood and some of iron, and a great many boxes and bags and trays. But the best of all was the great chimney as

big as a room, built in the middle of this great place, for as it went up through the rafters and the roof this chimney grew smaller, but at the bottom it spread out so large that twelve furnaces like ovens were built in, one after the other, all round.

So when they first came in the boys crept nearer to papa, and Kitty and Polly held mamma's hands fast, for the great round holes leading into these furnace-ovens shone out with a light brighter than the lamps of a railway, and with so dreadful a heat that no one could stand near them. And the bright light poured under the dark iron tables, and on to the wide hanging shelves round the wall, and among the crossed rafters, and down a dark passage leading out on one side, casting such thick shadows that the place really seemed quite terrible. And then, too, there were the workmen moving about, all in loose shirts because of the heat, and boys running quickly like clever little imps, and the light shone on their faces and arms till the flesh looked like copper or brass, while some were

in the thick black shadow, making the scene look more wonderful than any picture of goblins or Fairyland.

“Inside each of these burning round holes there is a great pot full of melted glass, called metal,” said the gentleman who came to show them the works.

“I dare say you will let the children stay to see something made,” said papa; “they will be quiet, and do no damage.”

“Certainly,” said he; “here is a workman just going to make a claret jug.”

So they all stood still near a wooden seat, and the workman took a long iron rod in his hand called a blow-pipe, for it had a hole right through it, and this he pushed into one of the blazing bright holes till the end dipped into a pot of the metal, and then he turned it round and round till there was enough melted glass sticking at the end, and then he pulled it out, and swung the rod right round and round over his head.

This was terrible to see, and Polly shut her eyes, for she thought the bright ball

of melted glass would fly off the end of the rod. But there it stayed, growing long and round with the swinging, and the workman held the rod down, and blew very gently, till a great bubble of air came inside the glass ball.

“Whatever is that?” asked Bobby; “it looks like a new ball of glass creeping into the other!”

“It is air being blown in,” answered papa, “to make the glass distend, and form the outside of the jug.”

Then the man put this carefully into the furnace-mouth again, to melt the glass a little more, because the air of the room cooled it, and again he swung it round, and blew into it again, till it came the right size and thickness for the jug he was going to make. And then he sat down on his seat, and rested his blow-pipe on an iron bar, and kept turning it round and round, while he shaped most beautifully the neck and the delicate lip.

Of course, he did not shape it with his hands, for the hot glowing glass would have

burnt him, nor did he use a piece of iron, for he could not have touched it softly enough with that, but he used only a simple piece of hard wood, shaped something like a clothes' peg, or a pair of nippers.

How pretty it was, too, to see the handle put on ! A clever slim lad, like an imp, came out of the darkness, and dipped a small rod into the glass metal in the furnace, and brought it quickly, and held it near the jug. Then the workman stopped his rod a moment from going round, and the lad dipped his little ball of melted glass on to the rim of the jug, and pulled his piece of glass straight up, and there streamed up a broad ribbon of glass—just as you may make a 'thick thread of treacle, only the glass stopped the same shape it was drawn out, and the workman clipped it the length he wanted with a pair of scissors, and bent it over to make the handle, and pressed the end firmly against the side of the jug. Then up he jumped, and put it all again through the glowing hot furnace-mouth.

Then, last of all, the foot was put on almost in the same way, and there was the pretty clear glass jug all made. They had seen it grow in a very few minutes out of a lump of melted glass into that beautiful shape.

“Now, I mean to say,” said papa to the workman, “that the rod in your hands is as wonderful as the wand of a fairy.”

The workman looked pleased at this. Up came a boy with a round wooden stick. The man held his rod straight, and there was the pretty glass jug straight in the air, just sticking by the middle of the foot to the round iron rod.

“Oh, dear! if it should fall!” cried Kitty.

“I let my glass mug fall, and it broke,” put in little Polly.

The boy pushed his stick gently right into the jug to hold it up. The workman gave his rod just one little tap, and off it came from the glass foot, and left the jug free.

“Off with you!—off with you!” cried the man.

And off ran the boy into the darkness, down the dark passage.

"Has he gone to pour water in it to drink?" asked Bobby.

"No—no," said the man; "he has taken it off to the annealing oven, where it will gently cool."

"But our oven is to make things hot," said Bobby.

"But," said the man, "the fire is put out, and the oven gently grows cool, and all the glass things that are inside it."

Well, then the workman wiped the thick drops off his face; for he was very hot, and said that the children might have a turn.

"Oh, thank you," cried Bobby; "I would much rather be a glass-blower than a hatter."

"Or than a tailor?" asked papa, with a smile.

"I began when I was not much bigger than you," said the workman to Bobby. "We have to learn everything by degrees, and it takes a long time."

Then he dipped the iron pipe into the

metal, and held it down towards the floor. Bobby put one hand on to the round pipe, and put his lips to the blow-hole, and began to blow gently.

“Here it comes!—here it comes!” cried Kitty.

And Bobby blew on till a great bladder of glass grew on the end of the pipe, twisting up and round and round, in a very odd shape, because Bobby did not blow evenly, until at last it broke, and a shower of glittering sparkles fell to the floor.

Then each one blew away in his turn, and even little Fidget made a great bladder, too, and so pleased were they all, they would have kept on all day. But now it was time to go.

“We are very much obliged to you,” said papa to the workman, “for the kind trouble you have taken; and we have used a great deal of your time, so please accept a small present; it will buy your children a little treat, as you have given one to mine.”

“Thank you,” said the workman, “and

that is what I will do with it ; for at this hot work I find that water agrees with me better than anything else."

" I should like a glass of water, mamma," put in Polly ; " I am so hot."

Then they went down the dark passage, and saw the annealing oven, with all sorts of glass things put there to cool—decanter, vases, and all kinds of ornaments. And then they stood for a moment at the door, and took one long look at the great round glass-house, with its wonderful lights and shadows, and the men twirling the globes of glass, and the boys, like imps, moving quickly about, and then out they came from that goblin place into the cool fresh open air.

When they got home, they all tried to imitate what they had seen by blowing soap-bubbles, and papa gave them some oleate of soda and glycerine to make their soap-suds with, and this made the bubbles last a very long time, and gave them the most brilliant colours.

As for Bobby, he tried to show nurse how bottles, and vases, and gas-globes are made, and twirled round a mop to show how turning the glass made it come round; indeed, it was altogether one of the best days the children had ever had; and very often did they talk of the glass-blowing, especially when they made bladders.

A SOAP-BUBBLE.

I.

Pretty balloon—pretty balloon,
Up and up and up away!
Pretty balloon, sail to the moon,
And never come down again, I pray.

II.

Born in a 'bacco-pipe,
Blown by little Mary,
Shining bright with soap-sud gems,
And ridden by a fairy.

III.

The prettiest balloon that ever was seen,
Blue and gold and pink and green,
Bright as a crown on the head of a queen,
Clear as glass and round as a ball,
Floating so high upon nothing at all—
Sure it is wondrously clever !
It rises, turns over, goes sailing away ;
Glitters like jewels within the sun's ray,
Then it bursts into nothing. Ah, me ! lack-a-day !
Burst—lost—and gone for ever !

IV.

Who would a bubble be,
Brighter than rose-buds,
Born in a 'bacco-pipe,
Burst into soap-suds !

CHAPTER VII. .

THE FALL.

VERY good the boys and girls had been a long time, minding their lessons, and getting up to no mischief in their play, until at last one day a very sad thing came to pass that made them all very unhappy.

Papa was out at his office, and mamma had gone to pay a visit, and the nurse was to take the children out for a walk in the park. But the rain came down and beat against the window-panes, and dashed on the pavement in the street like a million bright dancing needles, and the children had to stay in-doors.

Well, little Fidget could not keep still at all, and he grew quite tired of all his games with bricks and puzzles, and nothing would do but for nurse to turn into a horse, and trot round and round the nursery on her hands and knees, with little Fidget riding on her back. And so kind was nurse that she did not mind this, and did not mind being beaten



THE LITTLE CARPENTERS.



with Fidget's little whip, and made a very good horse indeed.

And this was great fun for the other children too, and Willie harnessed his two sisters with string, and they played at horses, while Bobby sat astride over the arm of the old sofa, and whipped a cloud of dust out of it, and pretended he was galloping in the smoke of a battle.

But at last Bobby grew tired of this, and wondered what he should do next, until all of a sudden he thought he should like to have a good climb. Now, there used to hang in the nursery a thick rope, with many knots in it, fixed to the ceiling; but this had been pulled down, and there it lay in the great cupboard.

"I know where I can fix it," said he, and he took the rope out on the landing of the stairs, and managed to tie it very tightly to one of the banisters, and there it hung right down that flight of stairs as far as mamma's bedroom door.

And there Bobby stood and took firm hold on the rope, and put his feet on the knots one

after the other, and passed his hands upwards one over the other, till he climbed right up.

By this time Willie came, with his two horses, out on the landing to see what was going on.

“See what a climber I am!” cried Bobby; “I think I shall turn sailor!”

Then up jumped nurse with Fidget in her arms, and came to see what was being done.

“Oh, dear!” cried Kitty; “do go down, Bobby; I don’t like to see you swinging in the air.”

“I had a swing once at Aunt Betsy’s,” put in little Polly.

“This is very naughty of you, Bobby!” cried the nurse. “The banisters are not strong enough to bear you. Go down! Oh, dear! what shall I do?”

For indeed the banisters were not strong, and they began to crack and bend.

Kitty shut her eyes with fright, and she and Polly both began to scream.

“Slip down, Bobby!” cried Willie.

But there was not time. The strain on

the wood was too much. Crack, crack! snap, crash! went the top line of banisters, and over went the wood-work, and down fell Bobby, with a dreadful thump, by mamma's door, and down fell the rope with him, and a lot of the wood-work.

Then indeed they were all in great trouble. The two girls and Fidget screamed louder than ever, and the nurse rushed down the stairs, crying as if her heart would break, and calling out at the same time, "You wicked Bobby!"

As for Willie, he came down too, with great tears in his eyes, but without saying one word, for his heart was too heavy, and he felt too much fear. And down he knelt and picked off the bars of wood that had fallen on his brother.

And there lay Bobby quite still, without even a groan, for he was stunned by the fall.

"Do you think he is dead?" whispered poor Willie at last, with his heart ready to break. "Oh, my poor, poor Bobby!"

And the little girls looked down and saw

their brother lying so still, and cried most bitterly.

But the nurse lifted Bobby up very gently and carried him into mamma's room, and dashed his face with cold water till he opened his eyes.

"Oh, you're not dead!—you're not dead!" said Willie, crying for grief and laughing for joy at the same time.

"Do you feel very much hurt?" asked the nurse.

Then Bobby remembered all that had happened, and said, in a stout voice, that he was not hurt a bit.

But nurse said she knew better, and took off his jacket and rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and there were great bruises on his arms, and his back, besides a great lump that began to come on his head.

"Oh, that is nothing," said Bobby; "I don't mind that a bit. I shall go and play at horses, and all that will go away."

But the nurse knew better, and would not let him get up, but kept bathing his head with

cold water, and wrapped thick pieces of wet linen over the bruises, and made him be quite still.

As for Willie and the others, they brought their picture-books into mamma's room, and sat down and watched their poor brother; and very quiet indeed they all were the rest of the day, and even little Fidget sat still. Indeed, they scarcely moved at all till mamma came home, except when Polly or Kitty crept up to Bobby and kissed him, and asked him how he did now. And he always said he felt very comfortable indeed, and should be quite well directly.

But indeed he did not get well again for three days. Mamma and papa were very grieved for what had happened, and the tears came in mamma's eyes as she said, "What would poor mamma have done if her dear Bobby had really been killed?" and this made him more sorry than all the pain he had to suffer.

"This must teach you," said papa, "to be thoughtful always in your play, like a clever

little fellow, and not like a foolish child. For banisters were never meant for swinging on, and indeed you risked your life."

THE MENDING.

WELL, while Bobby was still in his bed, came Master Nailer, the carpenter, in his brown-paper hat, and loose flannel jacket, and brought his basket of tools with him and some wood, to mend the staircase. And such fun it was for the children to see him at work, that they would have been very happy if only Bobby had been with them too.

Very quietly they watched Master Nailer, and at first did not even touch one of his fine, shining tools, so much did they think of the ill-hap that had come to their brother. And the carpenter, as well as papa, told them, indeed, they must not, for fear of hurting themselves, or the beautiful tools.

But when the banisters were nearly mended, and Master Nailer was away at his

dinner, Willie felt that, at least, he must just pick up the long, bending saw, to look at its bright teeth, and feel how heavy it was. And then he thought he must just see how the teeth began to bite the great blocks of wood into pieces, and Kitty tried to hold one end of the plank firm, while he rasped with the saw. And then Polly thought she must see how the long plane is made that licks the wood so smooth and even, and makes the curling shavings. And perhaps they would have gone on till they had hurt themselves worse than Bobby, for in mischief one thing leads on to another till sorrow comes ; but all in a moment who should come in but Master Nailer himself !

“ Hullo ! hullo ! ” cried he ; “ you have short memories but long fingers ! But what if you cut your fingers off ? ”

Then they put down the tools, and stood still, very much ashamed.

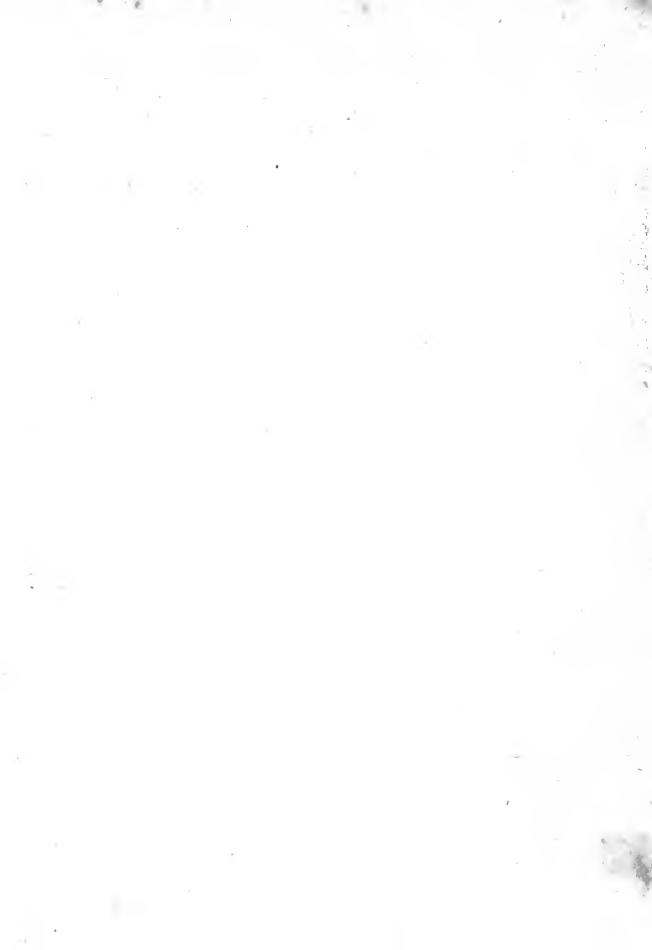
“ I hope you will forgive us, Master Nailer,” said Willie, in a low voice.

And the carpenter did, and moreover gave

Polly one of his paper caps, which she had put on over her curls.

FAMILY WISDOM.

“It’s bad to be silly,”
Said wise little Willie ;
“It’s naughty and wicked,” said nurse ;
“At least it’s a pity,”
Said sweet little Kitty ;
Said papa, “It is worser than worse.”
“I’ve beaten my dolly,”
Put in little Polly ;
“Because it was silly ?” asked ma ;
“But,” said Bobby, “pray why ?
Do the stupid ones die ?”
“They are dying all day,” said papa.





THE LITTLE WOODWORKERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WRETCHED OLD CHAIR.

WHILE Bobby was getting well, they all had some very happy times, though their games were very quiet. They played at Kings of England with cards, and cut out all manner of figures with paper, and made little paste-board houses, and dressed themselves up as the doctor, or the clergyman, or their Aunt Betsy, or some old lady, and came to pay Bobby visits, and see how he was. And then, in the evening, papa and mamma would tell them the most beautiful tales—some all true, and some made up.

And then at last Bobby could run about again, and his limbs were as lissom as ever, and the pain was all gone away; and, indeed, it was a fine day for them all the first time he went out with them again in the park.

Well, two weeks passed away, and very good all the boys and girls had been. So one day papa brought home for the boys a

splendid box of tools, just like Master Nailer's, only smaller, and made on purpose for boys.

There was a big saw, and a small one, with glittering teeth, that looked almost hungry to eat into some wood ; and three capital hammers that seemed to want to begin thumping ; and files, and nippers, and brad-awls, and chisels sharp and smooth ; and a plane with its odd steel tongue in its mouth, and packets of tacks and nails. And papa had brought for his boys, too, a great heap of wood, some thin and some thick. Will and Bobby had not words to say how much pleased they were, or to thank their papa enough.

“ My dear boys,” said he, “ you are now growing big, and I want you to grow up clever and handy. You always do your lessons well, and I want you to enjoy your play. These tools will give you plenty to do when it is too wet to go out, and all I want is that you will promise me to try to be very careful and thoughtful with them, and not

hurt yourselves, or do any damage to the things in the house."

So they promised as papa wished, and took a great deal of care of their tools, and did no mischief. At first mamma felt much afraid every time the saw went whizzing, or the hammer began thumping; but when she found what little men they were, and how cleverly they managed, she did not mind so much. And soon they had plenty of work to show papa. They made boxes for their toys and treasures, and a big one as a present for their kind nurse, and a coffin for one of Polly's dead dolls; and carts they made, and stools, and even a very fine ship to sail on the water.

Now down in the back kitchen there was a chair, covered with dust, that once lived in the drawing-room. There it lay in a corner, in the dark, in a very miserable position, with a broken back, and one leg off, and very lame in two others. It had, indeed, come down in the world! Up in the drawing-room it had looked as handsome as the rest, with

its damask silk seat, and its polished back, and its carved legs that seemed to stand as firmly as any of the others ; but there was a crack in one of the legs that nobody knew of, and all on a sudden, one day at a dinner-party papa gave, the chair-leg gave way, and tipped right over the gentleman sitting on it, while his dish of soup tipped over with him, and spoilt his fine shirt-front.

Well, the chair was mended, and forgiven, and stood in its place again. But it behaved just as badly again, and let down fat Mr. Wobble one Sunday evening while he was telling them all about the sermon ; and so odd did the round gentleman look rolling on the carpet, that the children forgot all that he had been saying, and burst out laughing, and could not stop, no, not till they were sent off to bed.

Well, once more the chair was forgiven, but still, after it was mended, it was placed for shame in the dark, by the side of the piano in a recess in the wall. And there it stood, and no one took any notice of it until

the night when papa and mamma had a great many ladies and gentlemen at a musical party. Now one of the ladies had such a beautiful voice, so loud and shrill, that she kept on singing for about an hour, and Aunt Betsy who was there began to be tired, and looked about for a chair to sit on. Now the chair that had been put in the corner for shame was the only one left, so a gentleman moved it out gently into the middle of the room for Aunt Betsy to sit upon. And down she sat.

But Aunt Betsy was even fatter than round Mr. Wobble, and so very heavy that the chair could not bear her. So crack, smash ! went the legs, and down rolled Aunt Betsy, and even broke the chair's back—for it was not so strong as her own—and such a scream gave she, that it made even more noise than the beautiful singing of the young lady ; and all the company jumped up to help her and pick her up,

Well, so great was the disgrace of the chair this time, that papa would not forgive

it any more, and there it was put away in the dark, in the back kitchen, for a prison, and lay in such a melancholy position, that no one could look on the broken-down chair without pity.

So Willie and Bobby begged papa to let them have the poor chair, to see what they could do with it.

“Very well,” said he, “you may have the crazy old thing. You shall be the doctors to kill or to cure it; but I am afraid its constitution is bad. But it shall never come down to the drawing-room again. Its place is filled by a low lazy chair. You may have it for your nursery; but if it breaks down again, it shall be broken up and burnt.”

So the boys took the chair, and gave it their whole play-time for a week. What a beating it had, and a rubbing, and washing! And what screws they put into it, and flat pieces of wood, to hold it firmly together! In three days Fidget could sit on it without its breaking, and in a week it seemed as strong as a house. Then mamma kindly

gave them a lot of old curtain trimming, and they made the old chair look really very fine ; and there it stood in the nursery to pay for all their trouble. And a very fine chair it was, except that it would always creak ; but as it did not break down again, that did not much matter.

THE TWO DOCTORS.

I.

A doctor stood up at a fair, and he said,

“ Now’s your time, my good folks, to be cured ;
Sick, lame, blind, deaf, shaky, past hope, and half-
dead,

I’ll make you all well, rest assured.

II.

“ In my time,” said the doctor, “ I’ve set twenty legs,
Forty backs, and four dozen of arms ;
And in less than a week I can set on his legs
Any patient, whatever his harms.”

III.

“All that’s a mere nothing to what I have done,”
Cried a big merry man in the fair ;
“Many hundreds of legs, arms, and backs I’ve
begun
And cured in one week, I declare.”

IV.

“Why, then, you’re a murderer !” the doctor bawled
out ;
“That’s not time to cure one single back ;
And those hundreds ! All nonsense ! No sane
man can doubt
You are only a sorrowful quack.”

V.

“But to mend what I say,” cried the big merry
man,
“I can put the new limbs on in pairs,
All ready for use, and quite new, spick and span—
I’m a mender of tables and chairs !”





THE LITTLE SADDLERS.

CHAPTER IX.

OFF INTO THE COUNTRY.

ONE happy morning when the sun came shining brightly into the breakfast-room, as much as to say, "How gay it is away in the merry sunshine! come out and play, you boys and girls!" papa told them all, with a smile on his face, that in one week they should all go into the country.

Up they jumped, and clapped their hands, and ran to kiss papa and mamma, till she had to beg them to sit down prettily, and finish breakfast; but so eager were they to be off into the fields and lanes that they could not eat any more—except Fidget: he went on with his bread and milk, and did not get down and stamp about at all, for he did not recollect what the country was like.

Well, that morning when they had done lessons, and every morning, and every evening too, all the children set to work might and main packing up toys and books and treasures,

and unpacking them all twenty times, thinking what they would like to take with them, and what should stop at home.

"Of course, we must not forget, boys," said papa, "to take the box of tools; for we are going down to Handyside, to stay at your uncle's farm, and you know your Cousin Guy is a kind of Jack-of-all-trades, and will be able to teach you many useful things."

"I wish I was as clever as Guy," said Bobby; "but perhaps I shall be when I am as old as he is."

"You will never be as old as Guy," said Willie, "for as fast as you grow older, he will too, and always keep ahead of you."

"I saw a Guy once," put in Polly, "and he looked, oh, so ugly!"

Now Kitty heard all this, and pondered it in her heart; for she, too, had seen a Guy with a very big red face, and a long nose, and arms and legs that stuck out in a very hideous manner, all dressed in nasty old clothes, with a lot of dirty boys dragging him through the street. But Kitty had never seen her Cousin

Guy, and she wondered in her heart how much he was like this ugly one, until in her little bed at night she even began to cry, and wished they were not going into the country at all, since it seemed that was where Guy lived. However, when she was up she did not mind it so much, for the thoughts of the Guy were not so bad except at night in the quiet and dark ; and even then she would say her prayers, and ask the angels to stand round her bed, and then she soon fell off to sleep.

Well, in a week came the happy day for going into the country, and so many boxes of luggage had they to take, that two cabs came to carry it all. And in such high spirits were they, that they did not mind being packed inside almost as close as herrings, with a lot of the small boxes that would not go on the roof.

“ Now, what fun it would be for the two cabs to have a race ! ” said Bobby, who was put outside one next to the driver ; but Mister Cabby said the load was too heavy, and the streets too full.

Then at the railway station it was fine sport to see the heaps of boxes, and the people rushing about, and the long trains of carriages coming in and going out on the smooth lines of rails ; and to hear the snorting of the engine, and the calling and shouting of the porters and of the passengers.

Even papa had to shout all of a hurry, for there was his big trunk being carried off by a porter by mistake to go to France.

But this was not the worst. The children were in such high spirits that mamma and nurse could not keep them quite still, and Fidget wanted to be off into the country at once. So when he saw a pretty little girl, with long fair hair, get up into a carriage with a wooden spade in her hand, he slipped away and got up too, and asked her to let him play with it. And in two minutes more the train would have started, and carried little Fidget far away from mamma ; but she missed him, and called out his name, and told a guard, and there they found him with the little girl's spade, sitting in the carriage as if he

belonged to a lean old gentleman nearly blind.

But after this came up the right train, and they all got safely into their carriage; and the whistle screamed, and off they went, over the tops of houses it seemed, and came to green fields, and waving trees, and pretty farms, and past many towns and villages, till they came to Handyside, where their uncle lived.

And there he was at the station to meet them, and Aunt Jane too, and a cart to carry the luggage; and off they all went along a pretty winding lane till they came to the big, old, delightful farm-house. And the sky looked so blue, and the clouds so fleecy and white, and the sun shone as if it was so happy to see them, and the birds sang out such a glad welcome to them, and aunt and uncle looked so rosy and bright, that the children danced and capered all down the lane, and could not keep their feet still for happiness.

But when they came up to the great farm-house, with the roof of straw hanging wide over the walls, and a big black dog barking as if

he would burst his shaggy throat, then little Kitty felt a great fear, for she knew she would now soon see the Guy, and she did not know what he would do to her.

But down the broad path of the garden there came running a big boy with a loose jacket and trousers, and a merry-looking girl all over curls; and papa and mamma kissed them, and said how they were grown; and then papa said these were their cousins, and all the children began shaking hands, and the girls kissing one another.

And after all, this boy was Guy, for that is what they all called him.

"Oh, I am so glad!" thought Kitty, "for I shall not be afraid of him at all."

But the cousins were all rather shy at first, till after they had taken tea, and had a good game together.

And indeed they found Guy very clever; and he told them many wonderful stories about his dog Grip, and about his rabbits and geese, and the strange things they would see in the farm and the fields.

And Willie and Bobby had many fine stories to tell, too, of all they had seen and done at home, and what games they had, and pieces of fun.

And the very next morning they undid their splendid box of tools, and carried it into a long shed that Guy had all to himself for his work and his play. And here was Guy's fine big rocking-horse, waiting stock-still to have a leg put on, and a new saddle, and new reins.

And that morning, after they had taken a long walk in the fields, they all set hard at work—the girls too—with a great piece of basil, and strips of coloured leather, and made the horse as smart as the war-horse in the picture that hung over the parlour fire.

And the more they worked and talked and played together, the better they all liked each other, till they grew the greatest friends in the world.

A HOLIDAY DITTY.

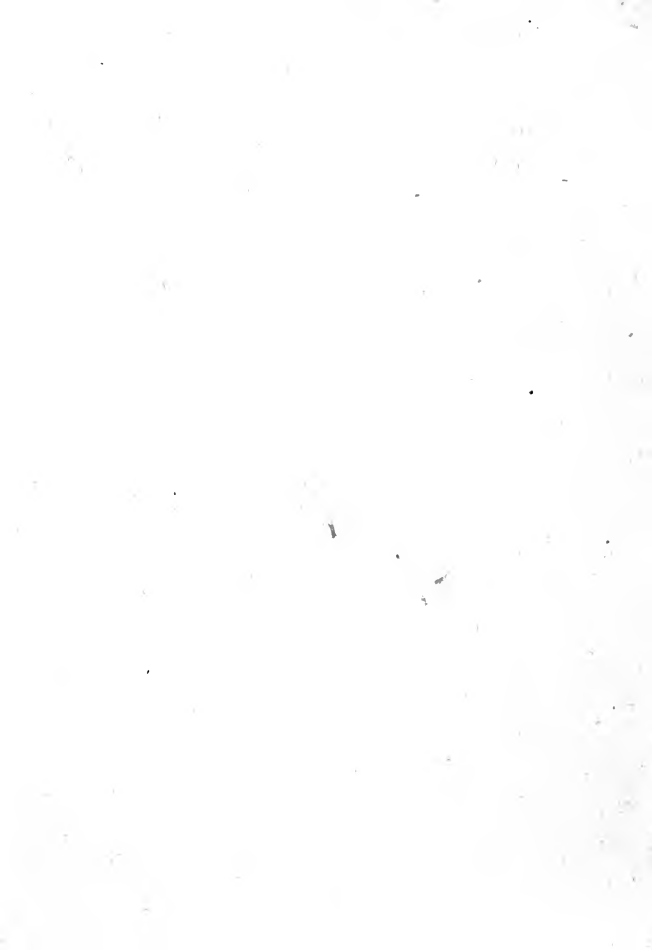
The country's the place for me,
So bright and so fresh and gay,
Where the sun shines out so free,
And the lark sings all the day.

Away in the woods we go,
A-nutting and gipsying,
And pull the sweet flowers that blow,
And laugh and play and sing.

The fields are all green and gold,
Waving with rye and wheat ;
The trees bend their branches old,
And the lambkins skip at their feet.

And then in the golden sun
We toss up the sweet fresh hay,
And roll on the heaps in fun,
And bury each other in play.

The country's the place for me,
With its breezy health and light,
Its sun and songs so free,
And joy from morn to night.





CHAPTER X.

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

OF course, Guy took his cousins to show them everything in the farm, and indeed it was all very pretty to see. There was the cow-yard, and the stables, and the barns, and the pig-gery, and the dairy, besides the ducks in the pond, and the hens and chickens clucking about in the yard.

At first they were afraid of all these fine creatures, but they soon learnt to feed the chickens, and pat the cows, and ride up and down on good old Trim, the pony with the long grey tail. Least of all they liked the pigs, little and big, that went poking their noses about in their sty, always wanting more wash to eat, and fond of making themselves dirty in any bit of mud they could find. But they all liked eating the bacon for breakfast, and a dear little sucking-pig for dinner.

As for the cows, all the children began to love them very much indeed. Every day they went to bid them good morning before

breakfast, and in the afternoon they saw them milked. There were four, and they had very odd names. There was Patchwork, with patches of brown and white all over; and Primrose, who gave the best milk, and whose skin was a pretty dun colour; and Juno, with such large, soft, lovely eyes, that Aunt Jane said she thought the cow must really have a good tender soul in her big body; and then there was Temper, who used sometimes to tip over the milking-pail and the dairy-maid. But so gentle had she grown with her years, that now she seemed to like little Fidget and Polly climbing on to her back, and having a ride in the field.

“Why do you put all those pieces in a plate, Aunt Jane?” asked Bobby.

“To give the poor dog a bone,” said she.

“Why do you pour that greasy water into a tub, instead of down the sink?” he asked.

“That all makes wash for the pigs,” answered the cook.

“What are all those big brown turnips in that heap for?” asked Bobby.

“For the cows to eat when the fresh grass is gone,” said Cousin Guy.

“Whatever is that great pile as big as a house in the corner of the field?” he asked.

“That is a hay-stack. It is for the horses to eat,” answered his uncle.

“Dear me!” said Bobby. “And the fowls are scratching up worms all day, and yet have a good appetite when we feed them with crumbs; and whenever we go into the field, there are the sheep nibbling away at the grass with all their might; and the cows are even worse, for they keep on chewing even when they can’t eat any more; and the pigs seem worse still. How very fond everything seems to be of eating!”

His uncle laughed at this, and said it was perhaps because they had not much else to do.

“I fancy I know some boys and girls who are rather fond of their dinner,” said papa.

“But we get so hungry running about and doing our work,” said Willie.

“I have just had some bread and jam,” put in Polly; “it was so nice!”

“Why, what work have you been doing?” asked papa; “digging a field, or chopping up wood?”

“Something much harder!” cried Bobby.

“Oh, don’t tell!” said Willie. “Let uncle and papa come to-morrow morning and see us at work.”

And so it was settled.

Now, by the side of Guy’s shed there was a strip of waste ground, covered with weeds and rubbish, with a great heap of stones and brick-bats in the middle; and very ugly and untidy this looked. So Guy had said that if they liked to help him, they would build the stones and rubbish into a wall, and plant fruit-trees against it to train their branches in the sun, and turn the waste piece of ground into a little garden.

So they all set to work with a good will, and even the girls helped, and soon made the ugly place look very different. First they dug a trench a foot deep, and stamped and hammered the earth down flat at the bottom; and then they put down, in a straight line, the

biggest blocks of stone, and joined them together pretty well with mortar, for Guy knew how to mix this with lime and water and sand quite well; and then they built up the other pieces of stone and the brick-bats. And after three mornings' work, there was the wall half-way up. And meanwhile the girls began to dig the ground, and make it ready for a garden.

Of course, all this made the boys and girls in a rare mess; but they liked this all the better, for it made them feel how hard they were at work. Nor did mamma or aunt mind a bit, for in the mornings the children wore their very oldest clothes, on purpose to get them well worn out, and were washed and dressed again before dinner. Moreover, as the children were now right away in the country, it seemed as well for them to make the very most of it while they could. "And, after all," said mamma, "the dirt of the country is very clean and wholesome."

However, one little girl did not like making herself in a mess, and that was little Kitty, so

she always found something neat and tidy to do ; but all the others liked it very much.

Well, when papa and uncle came to see this grand work of the wall, they were quite surprised, and very well pleased.

“ I see we are likely to get a very fine house made,” said papa, “ when we are shipwrecked on a desert island, if only we happen to have trowels, and mallets, and a good box of tools.”

“ We must take them with us, of course,” said Willie.

“ Oh, do let us go !” cried Bobby ; “ and Guy must go with us too.”

“ I don't know that I could spare him,” said uncle ; “ he must stay and help me take care of the farm, and the horses and cows.”

“ Could we not take them too ?” asked Willie.

“ Why, if we are to be shipwrecked, they would get drowned, and perhaps Polly and my Poppet too, and I should not like that,” replied uncle ; “ but perhaps we will all go out and build a house, and have a great farm in Australia.”

“Perhaps we will,” said papa, “when my boys have grown strong and clever enough to help.”

THE DESERT ISLAND.

I.

Tom, Jim, and Jack were three never-do-wells,
In hot water ever on dry land,
So one day they set off, in a ship called *The Bells*,
To be wrecked on a desert island.

II.

As soon as the vessel came near to some rocks,
In the midst of the roaring ocean,
They drowned crew and captain, excepting an ox,
The whisky, the pork, and some lotion.

III.

But, in leaving the shipwreck to get to the land,
Wicked Tom by a shark was devoured,
While Jim and Jack stood looking on from the sand,
Only calling each other a coward.

IV.

Then the two lived together as well as they could,
But often without any dinner,
Till Jim ate some poison-roots out in the wood,
And died a most miserable sinner.

V.

And so Jack, lean and silent, was left all alone,
Till his grief put an end to Jack Ryland ;
He wasted with dulness to dry skin and bone,
And so died on that desolate island.





THE LITTLE UMBRELLA-MAKERS.

CHAPTER XI.

PLAYING TRICKS.

VERY fine fun it was to the children to go into the fields and lanes. There was so much to see and to do. All sorts of pretty flowers and ferns and grasses grew quite wild, and they made up beautiful nosegays to bring home to mamma and Aunt Jane. And sometimes they all sat down together in the shade, with the girls' laps heaped with flowers, and the boys' caps full too; and there they twined the sweet flowers in their hair, and round their straw hats, till they looked as pretty as a troop of fairies. Cousin Poppet showed them how to make daisy-chains, pushing the slim stems through the white head of the flower to make the rings. Then they would all come home to surprise mamma, and take tea in the summer-house, with very good appetites for the thick bread and butter and the delicious plum-cake.

Now, generally, the children were very

good friends ; but one day Bobby and Guy had a dreadful fall out. For Cousin Guy seemed too clever, Bobby thought, and he did not like this, and had a good mind to serve him a trick. When they had races Guy beat them, for his legs were longer. And he knew how to climb far up the trees, for he had learnt since he was a small boy ; while Willie and Bobby soon had to crawl back, and sometimes came down with a doleful bump. And, moreover, when they went to the big pond to fish, Guy always caught twice as many sticklebacks as Willie and Bob put together.

“ I wonder why they should like to come on to your hook more than on to mine,” said Bobby ; “ mine is just as sharp.”

“ Why, you let them eat the bait, and don't give a jerk soon enough,” explained Guy.

Well, one day when Bobby had stood at the pond with his line till his back grew quite tired, without catching one little fish, it came into his head that he could easily play Guy a

fine trick. For Guy used to stand with his rod at the end of a plank of wood that rested on a post in the water, and Bobby noticed that this post looked very rotten.

"If I tie a rope to the post, and give it a pull all of a sudden, Guy will go over among the stupid fishes himself," said Bobby.

So he waited till all of them were at play in the shed, and off he ran and fixed on the rope, and then waited in high glee till they went out fishing again. But when he went to bed at night he could hardly say his prayers, for he felt very wicked; and in the night he had a bad dream of his cousin drowning in the water.

For all that, however, when the boys went to the pond, and Guy began catching the sticklebacks just as if they swam up to his hook on purpose, Bobby felt so wicked and envious that he came quietly up to the rope, the end of which he had hidden in the tall rushes, and gave it a sudden pull with all his might, and snap went the rotten post in the water, and down went the end of the plank,

making Guy lose his balance, and over he went plump into the pond.

Willie cried out, for he was not in the secret, but Bobby laughed with all his might : for there was no danger, the pond was so shallow ; and indeed Guy looked very laughable as he pushed his head up again out of the water, blowing and spluttering, and began to clamber out with his dripping wet clothes sticking fast to his skin.

“Hullo, Guy ! did you go in to catch the fish with your hands ?” cried Bobby.

But Guy took it good-naturedly, and began to laugh at himself too ; for he thought at first it was a mere accident. But as he crawled out, all wet, he saw the rope, and knew Bobby had played him an ill trick. But even then he said nothing, and went off quietly to put on dry things.

Now Bobby liked him better than ever for taking the trick in good part, and had a good mind to beg his pardon ; but this was a thing he never enjoyed doing, so he put it off day after day.

However, one morning Guy asked Bobby to go along with him to call on the miller, and off they went in high spirits.

“There is something very odd to see on the way,” said Guy, “and here it is.”

So they stayed to look. There, by the side of the road, were set up two posts of wood, very strong though very old, and across these, near the ground, were stretched two other pieces, with two round holes cut in them, and the top part moved upon a hinge.

So Bobby wanted to know all about it, as Guy knew he would, and sat down at once on the ground to be shown, for his cousin said that was the only way of letting him see how it worked. Then Guy lifted up the top plank on the hinge, and Bob put his two legs in the holes, and down came the bar again and clipped the legs in, and Guy fastened it firmly at the side.

“These,” said he, “are the stocks; they are set up on purpose for the shame of any one who gets tipsy or does wrong. It is a very uncomfortable position, is it not?”

"Very, indeed," replied Bobby. "I should like to get out now."

"No doubt," answered his cousin; "but I mean to leave you here till I come back. It will give you time to think, and perhaps you will make up your mind not to play me any more tricks. If you had been a bigger boy, I would have fought you instead of doing this."

At this Bobby grew very red and angry.

"Let me out," cried he, "and I will fight you on the spot!"

"No," said Guy; "it would not be fair. But I will be back in half an hour," and off he went.

Bobby made up at first a great many plans for paying Guy out worse than before, but after awhile his anger cooled down, and he felt that Guy had only served him tit for tat, and he thought perhaps they had best be friends.

However, it was very shameful to have to sit in the stocks, and he tried his best to get out. Meanwhile there came along a lot of

big pigs, and they came snuffling about his feet as if they would like to take a bite. But Bobby bumped his boots into their eyes, and threw stones with his hands, and called out lustily for help, till up came the gawky old swineherd, dressed in a long smock-frock, with his broad face all of a grin, and let the prisoner out. And off went Bobby, very much ashamed, and hid himself till dinner-time in a field.

Meanwhile Willie went in search of him, but Guy found him, and asked him not to bear any malice.

“We’re quits now,” said he, “so let us be good friends; and we need not say anything about what has happened.”

So Bobby agreed, and they went home arm-in-arm.

Meanwhile the girls had found themselves that morning all alone, so they had gone out together into the pretty wood that ran along the side of the field where the cows were. Here they had gathered flowers, and played at Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, with long

grasses, and had been really very busy too. For so hot was the sun, that they had borrowed an umbrella each, to put together and make a pretty tent to play gipsies in. But two of the umbrellas were broken, and as Poppet was a very handy little girl, she went off to her brother's shed, and found the nippers and an awl, and some wire, and came back and managed to do the mending very well. For often she used to help her brother Guy, and he had taught her how to do many useful things.

Then after dinner they all went, boys and girls, back to the wood, and played at gipsies and telling fortunes till the sun began to go down.

THE PRECIOUS UMBRELLA

I.

The dearest of all things I have on this earth
(Said a queer-looking, old-fashioned fella),
My companion, protector, and friend from my birth,
'Tis an ancient, fat, gouty umbrella.

II.

My great-grandmother flirted beneath its young
 shade,
And it sheltered the wig of great-grandpa;
Then my grandfather frightened a cow by its aid,
Saved an heiress, and married my grandma.

III.

My father he took it far over the seas,
Among savages, deserts, and dangers;
This umbrella has braved both the battle and
 breeze,
Besides menders and curious strangers.

IV.

Each rib has been broken ten times, and re-set;
The stuff is all darns, rags, and patches;
But each scar and each wound makes it more
 precious yet,
Like a warrior's scratches and slashes.

V.

So I walk, sleep, and live with my noble old friend
 (Said this odd-talking, old-fashioned fella),
And it is my last wish, when I come to my end,
To be buried beside my umbrella.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SMITHY.

DOWN the lane, past the pond, and over the old wooden bridge, that was the way to the pretty village of Handyside. Here were little cottages, with tiny rooms quite filled up with tables and chairs and babies, and with front gardens filled up with hollyhocks and sunflowers. And here was the old grey church, with a great square tower covered with ivy, and a dark, shady graveyard filled with long grass and tombstones. There, over the way, was the fine old inn, called the "Coach and Horses," with the picture of the old stage-coach itself hanging right over the roadway, and creaking for ever in the wind. But what the girls and boys liked better to see was the little shop-window of Widow Wiggins, filled with bottles of sweets, jumbles, crackers, and fireworks ; and many visits did they pay her, though she did wear a frightful-looking rusty-black wig, and a very large



THE LITTLE BLACKSMITHS.



pair of spectacles. But best of all they liked to look in at the smithy at the corner of the roadway, and see Master Timothy Trig, the blacksmith, working at his forge and shoeing horses.

Now Timothy Trig did a great deal of work for the farm, so he always seemed glad to see Guy and his cousins, and used to talk to them while he was at work. And more than this, when he was not too busy, he would let them come in and hammer away at some piece of red-hot iron on the anvil, and make the burning sparks fly about in showers like golden rain.

The smithy was a very dirty place, with cobwebs over the windows, and piles of rubbish and old iron about the floor, and heaps of dust all over the place. And there in the middle was the great furnace, heaped up with cinders, with its old brick chimney-pier black with soot and smoke, and its great dark bellows at the side, that looked as if they had not been cleaned for a hundred years.

Nor was Master Timothy Trig any cleaner

than his place. His face was covered nearly all over with wild dark hair, in which his two eyes gleamed like coals of fire; his great strong arms were always grimy; and his cap and clothes were so smoky and old, that no one could tell what colour they used to be long years ago.

But for all this, it was a fine place to see, with the thick shadows hanging in all the dark corners, and the bright glare from the furnace lighting up the blacksmith at his work; and so fond were the boys of staying there, that sometimes they almost missed dinner.

"How very strong your arms are, Master Trig!" said Willie.

"Ay," said he, "they be; and they've need to be."

"Why don't you brush your hair back over your head?" asked Bobby. "It hangs almost in your eyes."

"For one reason," said the blacksmith, "I don't care about the trouble, so I let it just go as it likes."

“And what is another reason?” Bobby went on.

“Oh, there is not any other reason in particular,” he answered; and then he hammered away, and said no more.

But Bobby kept on wondering about the shaggy wild hair, and one day he noticed the mark of a great cut under it, when Master Trig rubbed away the great drops from his face with his handkerchief.

“If you please,” said Bobby, “don’t you let your hair come down to hide that great mark?”

“Maybe I do,” said Trig—“maybe I do.”

“But why do you, please?”

“Why, it is not exactly an ornament.”

“Then you did not do it on purpose, like the Indians in the story-book? Please, how did it come?” asked Bobby.

“Ah, that’s a story,” answered Master Trig, heaping up the cinders on the fire.

“Oh, do tell it us!” cried Bobby; and so much did all the boys want to hear the mystery, that at last he began.

TIMOTHY TRIG'S TUSSLE.

"Maybe," said the blacksmith, "you have heard of Brokenpate Common. It is a wild, lonesome place, where, in the old days, many a man has found broken bones, and where the old stage-coach was often stopped and robbed.

"Well, I had been away for a week at work at Handy-town Fair, and I had made a pretty good bag of money to bring home to my wife, to buy a chest of drawers and a few bits of things for our house, for we were only a new-married couple. Moreover, I had bought her some stuff for a new Sunday dress, and off I started whistling and singing as merry as a skylark.

"But it fell rather dark by the time I got to Brokenpate Common; but no fear had I, for I thought, 'I am but a poor man; no one would want to rob me.'

"However, I fancied I saw something moving ahead, and I listened, and thought there were steps. I went along slowly, and

looked out as well as I could, but it was too dark to see ; so I stopped, and began to call out.

“ ‘ If there is any one here,’ cried I, ‘ speak up and say if you are an honest man. As for me, I am Timothy Trig, the blacksmith, and I am too poor to be robbed; besides, I don’t like it, and would rather die first.’

“ For I thought if there were robbers, they might let me pass if I put a bold face on the matter.

“ However, as I came to a dark patch of trees, out sprang two men with thick sticks in their hands, and stood in my way, and one of them cried out, ‘ Just give us that bag of money, and we’ll let you go free!’

“ But my blood was up, and I knew they must be some skulking rascals from the fair; so I made a rush and tried to get through, and down came their sticks on my poor head; and I hit out with my fists, and sent one right over; but they were too many for me, and got me down, and stole away my bag.

“ Then off they ran, and I could scarcely move; but when I thought of my little wife,

and all the things the money would buy, up I got, and ran, and soon came up to the last one, for he could only limp along. Well, down we two went together, in a terrible tussle; but I managed to twist his two hands behind his back, and there I held them firmly, and he could not stir. But as he did not seem to have my bag in his pockets, I lay as still as a stone, hoping the other would come back.

“And so he did, and leant over carefully in the dark, till I made a grab at him with my strong right hand, and held him as if in a vice. I was woefully hit and bruised, and got this old mark, but I would never let go. Over we wriggled all of a heap, arms and legs and heads all jumbled together, but at last they found out what a blacksmith’s arms are like. I held them as if in a vice, and got one down under my knees, and rolled him round in my wife’s stuff; and then clutching the two, one in each hand, off we marched to Handyside. And such a jig never was danced as we had that night all down the road. They tried to pull me into every ditch, and bump me

against every tree, but my arms were as strong as iron, and I bumped them along with my knees, and sat on them for a rest when they would fall on the ground; but never did I leave go till I landed my rum fish in the strong room in the village. And though my wife's stuff was a little bit the worse for it all, I can tell you I never liked any dress so well; and she always wears that one on our wedding-day."

So full of Master Trig's story were the boys, that they all thought they would like to turn blacksmiths, and get their arms brawny and strong. And, meanwhile, they had some good fun playing at shoeing horses. One boy at a time would go down on the floor, and put up a foot to be shoed; and such a hammering as the soles got, the boots never had before. Indeed, they hammered in so many tacks and nails that Aunt Jane could never let them step on her carpets in their thick boots, or they would have scratched great holes.

CHAPTER XIII.

MILKING-PAILS.

THE girls agreed together quite as well as the boys, and often had great fun while their brothers were out for a walk, or at their rough play.

Cousin Poppet was a very good-hearted girl, with fat rosy cheeks, and a happy smile. She had a little bedroom of her own, with diamond-shaped panes of glass for the window, with a rose-tree just outside, that nodded its beautiful flowers to her as soon as she woke up, as much as to say, "Good morning! we are so glad to see you." And then over the window, inside, there were pretty white curtains, and others to match hanging over the head of the bed.

Now Poppet had a great many treasures, and she showed them all to her cousins. She had a locket, with her mamma's hair in it; and a silver penny, with a hole through it; and a coral necklace; and three very pretty



CHAPTER XIII.

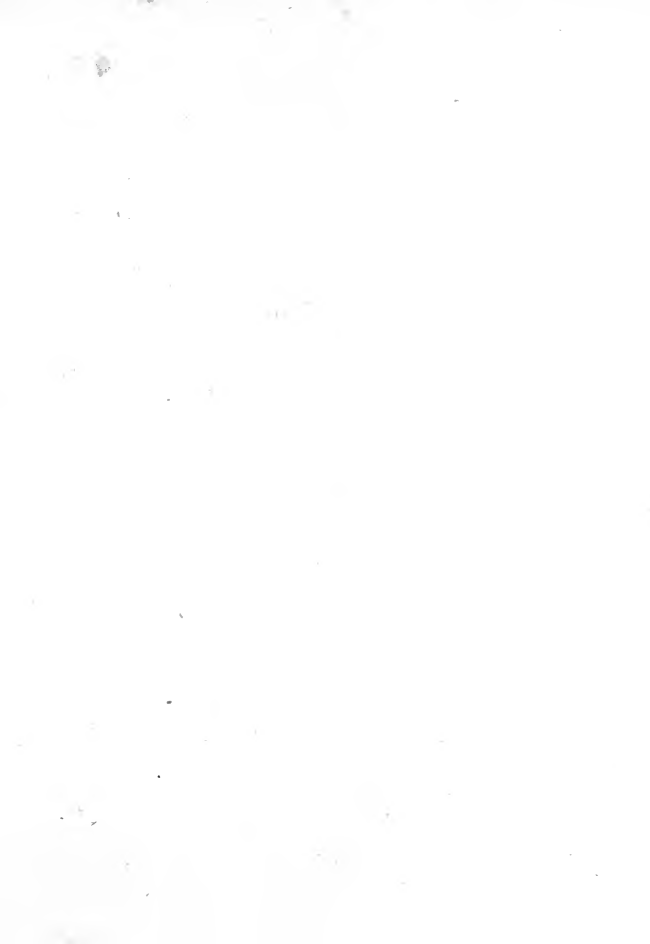
MEETING-TAILS.

THE girls agreed together quite as well as the boys, and often had great fun while their brothers were out for a walk, or at their rough play.

Cousin Poppet was a very good-hearted girl, with fat rosy cheeks, and a happy smile. She had a little bedroom of her own, with diamond-shaped panes of glass for the window, with a rose-tree just outside, that nodded its beautiful flowers to her as soon as she woke up, as much as to say, "Good morning! we are so glad to see you." And then over the window, inside, there were pretty white curtains, and others to match hanging over the head of the bed.

Now Poppet had a great many treasures, and she showed them all to her cousins. She had a locket, with her mamma's hair in it; and a silver penny, with a hole through it; and a coral necklace, and three very pretty





china pots ; and a workbox, with needles, and reels of cotton and silk, and two pairs of scissors, and a measuring-tape. Then she had a beautiful box, with a sprig of forget-me-not painted on the lid, and with a lock and key ; and here she kept her secrets, such as her valentines—but as these were all pretty ones, of course she showed them to everybody.

“ I can’t bear ugly valentines,” said Kitty ;
“ I always burn them.”

“ I always put them into envelopes, and send them to other people,” said Poppet.

“ I had a very pretty valentine once,” said Polly. “ There were some angels with real lace dresses on, but without any shoes and socks, and they were all smelling a rose-tree with a heart in the middle.”

Poppet had also a lot of pretty books of fairy stories, and of poetry, and of animals. And she had two big dolls, one dressed like a grand lady, in ribbons and flounces and bows, with her arms pinned in fast to keep her a good shape ; and the other in long

clothes, just like a real baby, with very fluffy hair. But these were wrapped up in lavender and calico, for Poppet thought she was too big to play with her dolls any more.

As Kitty and Polly were younger, they were delighted with the two sweet wax creatures, and kissed them, and loved them, and played with them for hours, and put them to bed three or four times a day. So Poppet at last made a present of the baby in long clothes to Polly; but she could not part with Lady Clarabel, for she was one of her dearest treasures.

Now, so clever and handy was Poppet, that she often helped her mamma without doing any damage. She could rake over the flower-beds, and pull up the weeds, and hem pocket-handkerchiefs; but none of these things did she like to do unless her mamma was with her. It was much more fun to feed the chickens, or help to shell the peas. But what Poppet liked best of all was to go into the dairy, and skim off the rich cream from the top of the milk in the round red pans, and see

it churned into butter; and then pat up the sweet fresh butter, and put it in moulds.

Sometimes Kitty and Polly went into the dairy too, and very surprised they were to see the frothy cream turn into the solid yellow butter. Aunt Jane always helped the dairy-maid, and she was so kind as to let the girls try to turn the butter in the churn; but it was too stiff for their tender fingers. However, to please them, Aunt Jane set up a cullender on the top of a flower-pot, to look like a churn, and Polly made pretend to churn butter with very high delight. This was in a pretty green arbour close to the dairy, looking out on the fields where the cows lived. And here the girls were fond of coming, for it was very cool in the hot sunny days; and they often had fine fun playing with the milking-pails. Kitty was very fond indeed of carrying two hanging from her shoulders, and she would march up and down, singing in a merry voice—

“I’m going a-milking, sir, she said.”

Then Aunt Jane would give them some

curds-and-whey, made in the dairy ; and this they all liked, they said, better than anything in the world.

THE MILK-MAID.

I.

I'm a little country maid,
I carry the milking-pails ;
I love the farm and all my cows,
And the sunny hills and dales.

II.

In the early morn I wake
With the cock-a-doodle-doo ;
I go to see my cows and say,
“ Good morning ! how are you ? ”

III.

All day long I'm never still,
In the farm or with my cows,
And feed the chickens, ducks, and geese,
The piccaninnies and sows.

IV.

Then at sundown home I come,
And carry the milking-pails ;
And my cows they swing their silver bells,
And the music fills the dales.





THE LITTLE TINKERS.

CHAPTER XIV.

LOST IN THE WOOD.

ONE of the greatest treats the children had was to go right down the long winding lane, past the great pond, and on to the woods. Here the great trees grew up into the clouds, and made such a fine roof with their leaves, that the sun could only creep through here and there, and shoot down his warm rays like patches of fire on the dark trunks. Then, under the trees, the brambles and thorns and ferns grew so high over the children's heads, and so thick, that they could only get through by creeping under the branches. But what fun this was, though they did scratch both arms and legs, and tore their clothes into holes and ribbons.

"This will teach us how to get along on our desert island," said Willie.

"Or to make our way through the forests in Australia," said Guy.

“Let us make a regular house here,” cried Bobby.

And so they did. They found some old dry boughs, and built these up against a great low branch of an oak, and the trunk itself made the back of their house; and with heaps of dry ferns they filled up the holes between these branches, and lined the earth floor, until at last it looked like a very big nest, and was very soft and delightful to sit in.

And what feasts they had here! The girls came too, for the boys made a winding way past the brambles and thorns; and they all brought their cake for lunch, and gathered heaps and heaps of juicy blackberries off the brambles, and piles of nuts off the hazel-bushes. And there they would sit in their bower in the wild wood, and make up pretty tales of all the things they would like to do when they grew up.

“I sall tum too,” said little Fidget one day, when he heard them talk about their beautiful home.

“You must be very good and quiet then,”

said his sister Kitty ; so they took him down the lane, and very pleased was he to creep along the winding passage among the thorns and ferns, and hear his clothes tear at every turn. But not so pleased was he when a great bramble caught him by the leg, and tore his skin, and would not let him go. Then he began to roar with might and main.

“ You are not a brave boy at all, to make that noise,” said Kitty, and she let him go free, and helped him along.

“ But it is very dreadful to get through,” said little Polly, and perhaps she would have cried too, only she was afraid of being laughed at. For the boys, with their rough clothes, did not mind the wood a bit.

However, at last they crept through to the arbour, and that made up for all, only that Fidget grew tired of sitting still in his corner, and wriggled about so much, that at last down came the roof of the house, dry boughs, ferns, and all, on their heads, and buried them in the ruins.

What a spluttering, and blowing, and

screaming, and struggling they all made to get their heads out into the air to breathe ! As for Fidget, he squeaked louder than they all, for he thought he was now quite dead.

“We will never bring you again, you naughty Fidget,” cried Willie, “for you have spoilt our home.”

“Never mind,” said Guy, “we must build it again stronger.”

And so they did, and would never take Fidget ; but one day he made up his little mind to go.

Down the lane he went after the boys, one morning.

“Go back !” cried Willie, “go back to the girls !”

Then Fidget hid in the hedge and waited, and followed down the lane till he came to the wood. And then in he crawled, and tried to make his way, but never could find the house of ferns.

At last he found a little path in the wood, and on he toddled, calling out as loudly as he could, “Willie, Bobby ! Bobby, Willie !”

But no one answered him, and there was not one sound, except the calling of birds in the branches, and the muttering of the leaves, as if they said, "Here is a poor little boy lost in the wood, and never will he see his mamma again."

So Fidget began to be frightened, and sat down and cried, and ran on a little further, and called out, and cried again.

Then who should come along but an ugly old woman, with a brown dirty face, and a red shawl over her head and shoulders, and a short tattered dress of all sorts of patches and colours.

But Fidget held out his arms and sobbed, "Pease tate me bat," and the old hag wrapped him in her red shawl, and slung him at her back like a bundle, and marched away with him through the wood.

Then back came the boys from mending their house, and sat down with the rest to a beautiful dinner.

"But where is Fidget?" asked mamma.

And, of course, no Fidget could be found.

Then Willie said he was in the lane, and wanted to go with them into the wood, and everybody began to fear he was lost.

That was a sad time. No one could eat any dinner. Up they all got; mamma and Aunt Jane put on their bonnets, the men from the farm were called, and off they all started to search in the wood; but no Fidget could be found.

“My poor boy!” sobbed mamma; “he will fall into some hole, or perish of cold, if he is lost in the wood all night.”

“You ought to have taken him with you, or else brought him home,” said Aunt Jane.

“I am sorry we did not,” said Willie; “but we thought he did go back.”

As for the girls, they remembered the sad story of the Babes in the Wood; and when they saw the little birds hopping about they wept bitterly, for they thought presently they would be flying with leaves to cover over their poor lost brother.

A sad search it was, and the sun began to cast very long shadows, and the evening to

come on, and all the wood had been searched, the farming men calling out lustily to poor Fidget, when at last a clear whistle rang through the air, and every one knew the child was found, for that was the signal agreed upon. And each one in the wood whistled as he caught the sound, one to another, and poor mamma and the girls dried up their tears.

It was uncle who found the wanderer. He remembered some gipsies were encamped at the edge of the wood near Handyside Village, and off he went that way to ask if they had seen anything of the child. So he came to their house that travelled on wheels, and went up the steps, and what did he see but little Fidget quietly sitting in the old woman's lap, eating a great basin of bread and milk with a very good appetite.

"So dood!" said little Fidget, taking another spoonful; "do have tum!"

"No, thank you," answered the uncle; "but how in the world are you here?"

Then the old gipsy explained all about

it, and the uncle gave her some money for taking care of the boy, and off he carried Fidget back to the farm.

“Don’t you never go away again, for you have made poor mamma cry,” said she; “and what could I do without my little Fidget?”

“I tum bat adain,” said he, kissing mamma’s cheeks.

THE GIPSY TINKER.

When the boys heard all the story, they asked papa to take them the next day to see the gipsies’ house; and very delighted they were with it.

The house on wheels was painted blue and yellow, and had a bed with curtains at the end, and a real stove for cooking, and a long tin chimney coming through the roof. And then under the trees at the edge of the wood were three old brown patched tents,

made of rough canvas, held up by a great stick in the middle. And there was a queer round iron pot slung upon three stakes of wood, with a fire burning underneath on the bare ground. And there in the tents were odd-looking women, with sun-burnt faces and dark eyes, and wild hair, dressed in coloured rags and patches, with babies in their arms or playing at their side. As for the men, they lolled about with hands in their pockets, and wore thick, dirty clothes, and greasy old hats.

“Oh, how delightful to be a gipsy!” cried Bobby; “to wander about, and live in the woods.”

But uncle explained afterwards that they were a sorry lot of people, and stole chickens and geese from the farms, and pulled down the fences to make their fires.

However, some of them know how to earn an honest penny, and the boys were very delighted to watch one old fellow with black ringlets, and merry twinkling eyes, mend a saucepan and a coffee-pot at a little swinging cage full of fire.

“How did you learn to do it so cleverly?” asked Bobby; “and are you doing this only for fun?”

“No,” said he; “this is my work, and all these parts know Nick the Tinker. I’ll mend a saucepan with any man, let him be king or beggar.”

Bobby wanted to ask him many questions on this, for he knew we have a Queen for our ruler; but the tinker fell to whistling.

“We must learn how to mend our pots and kettles,” said Willie, as they went home, “for we could not buy new ones on a desert island.”

So the next morning they went to Master Timothy Trig, and he gave them a lesson on an old saucepan; and so fortunate were the boys as to find an old coffee-pot, and a kettle without any bottom, in one of the barns; and they bought some solder, and mended these things about, till they could scarcely see any part of the old joinings. And at last they grew so clever at their work, that Aunt Jane trusted them with some old tin pots and

pans out of use, and she paid them the same as she would a regular tinker.

THE TINKER'S SONG.

The schoolmaster cobbles our minds as he may,
But leaves such great holes that the most runs
away ;

The doctor he physics our bodies with pills,
But sometimes he cures us, while sometimes he
kills.

So we're all tinkers,
Pottering tinkers ;
We're all tinkers,
Whatever we may say.

The tailor doth patch up our outsides with cloth,
And our insides the cook with her meat and
her broth ;

The lawyer and banker our wills and estate,
And the Lords and the Commons they tinker the
State.

So we're all tinkers,
Pottering tinkers ;
We're all tinkers,
Whatever we may say.

CHAPTER XV.

THE OLD WATER-BUTT.

"SHALL we have a good game at hide-and-seek?" said Guy one morning to his cousin.

"Oh, yes," said Bobby; "that is good fun. And the girls too."

"Only you will find us by our dresses," said Kitty, "they stick out so!"

"But we can hold them close in by our knees," said Poppet; "and besides, there are plenty of odd places in the old barn."

"And my shed shall be home!" cried Guy.

So they began their play full of mirth and laughter. Bobby hid first, but they soon found him covered over with some hay, for there was one of his feet sticking through. Then Poppet went to hide, but they found her in the cowshed, for Juno and Temper would keep their heads turned to the spot where she stood, though she begged them not. But they were a long time finding



THE LITTLE TUB-MAKERS.



Kitty, for she squeezed herself up very small, and got into an old sack, and stood up on her feet in it so that she looked like a sack of beans.

And then it came to Willie's turn. Now he had noticed a great shelf in the barn, with a heap of old lumber upon it, and he meant to hide there. But the only way to get up was to climb on an old water-butt, out of use, that stood under this great shelf, and this he managed to do. Then he stood on the top of the butt, just ready to creep into the lumber.

"They will be puzzled to find me, I think," said he to himself.

But just then something went crack under his feet, and he trembled and gave a start; for the butt was very old, and the top was rotten, and would not bear his weight.

Creak, crack, smash! went the old rotten wood, and gave way, and down fell Willie plump into the old butt.

"Whoever would have thought of that?" said he, rubbing his shins and his arms. "However, it makes a capital hiding-place. They will never find me here."

Nor could they, though they searched about very diligently. And Willie could peep through the bung-hole, for that was loose, and came out when he pushed it, and there he could see them looking about all over the barn, and he could hear every word they said.

“He cannot be here,” said Bobby. “We shall have to give him up.”

“No, not yet,” cried Guy; “let us go and search in the cowshed.”

So there Willie waited till they came and searched there again, and went away once more.

“Mamma has cut the cake for our lunch,” said Poppet; “let us go in, and perhaps we shall find he has got there first.”

Then Willie thought it was high time he crept out, and got his slice of cake too; but here was a difficulty! How could he get out? He tried to climb out, but slipped down again twenty times.

“It seems I’m a prisoner,” said he, “and how dreadful it would be to starve here and

die, for I am very hungry, and have a tub for a coffin."

So he began to call out for help, but they had all gone away.

Well, it happened that Old Sally, who helped in aunt's kitchen, heard some one call, and came peeping about to see what was the matter. And there she stood just inside the barn, and could see nothing at all.

"It must be ghosts," said she, "or else hobgoblins, for there is nobody here."

But Willie had now rested enough at the bottom of his tub, and he thought he would make one more good try to get out of his dusty old dark prison. Up he jumped, kicking and scuffling with his feet, and managed to catch hold on the top rim of the butt. Then he kicked away with might and main, and the old butt bent and tipped, and over it rolled.

"Fire! thieves!" screamed Old Sally, for she had never seen tubs move about of their own accord, and off she jolted on her lean old legs, and rushed into the kitchen in a great flurry, with her arms over her head.

"Oh, mum!" she cried, "there's the old water-butt jumping about in the shed, and it tried to run after me and hurt me!"

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Jane. "It is only one of your old fancies."

"I am always seeing ghosts and hobgoblins," said the old woman. "It is too hard on me! Why can't they go to other people?"

"But do let us go and see!" cried Guy; and off ran all the children.

"Take care—take care!" cried Old Sally; "don't go anear the nasty old tub. Maybe there's some evil about it."

But meanwhile Willie had crawled right out, and there lay the old butt still and quiet, and could hurt no one. But Willie stood rubbing his sides and his nose, and his clothes told pretty plainly where he had been.

"Poor Willie! I hope you are not much hurt," said kind Kitty.

"Never mind, Will!" cried Guy; "we had to give you up, and you've had a good piece of fun."

“But was it only you in the tub,” asked Old Sally, “or was there a ghost too?”

But the children laughed at this, for Sally was rather a silly old woman; and off they took Willie to have some cake and a glass of milk.

Then Guy told his father the story, and begged to have the old water-butt.

“That you may,” said he, “and break it up for fire-wood; for it is past all use.”

So this gave the children another fine day’s work. They carefully hammered off the hoops that held the wooden staves together, and these were capital things to play with. But when they had taken it all to pieces, Guy and Bobby made up their minds to put it all together again, so as to know for certain how to make tubs.

“For who is to know,” said Guy, “how useful it may be some day to make our own casks for the wine and the ale we make, if we go to live in the back-woods?”

Willie helped too, and so did Poppet. Her arms were very fat and strong, and she was a capital hand at hammering.

“ I mean to know everything about farming,” said she, “ in case we go to America.”

And Polly did some scraping, to make the pieces of wood ready for use. But Kitty liked stitching; or helping mamma with the puddings, much better.

In the evening they told all about the adventure in the tub, and uncle gave them an odd story.

A TALE OF A TUB.

“ There was once a merry fellow, named Mike Roley, who went to live in the wild backwoods.

“ ‘ I’ll clear a bit of forest,’ said he, ‘ and make a nate farm with a log-house, and thin I’ll look after a Mistress Mike Roley, and a pig, and we’ll live all together like a happy family in Eden !’

“ But in the meantime he lived all by himself in a big tub for his house, and very hard did he work, except when he felt lazy and lay in the sun with his pipe.

“ Well, one fine day home he came to eat his dinner of wild pig, and crawl into his round house, that looked like a big water-butt, when there he saw somebody sitting by the tub, already at dinner, with a very good appetite.

“ ‘ That can’t be meself,’ said Mike, ‘ for I’ve got illigant clothes on, and that gintleman is only dressed in his own skin. But what a saving it would be to have such a warm, hairy skin as that !’

“ ‘ Good day, misther !’ cried Mike ; ‘ I don’t recollect invitin’ ye, but no doubt ye’re a stranger in these parts, a-journeyin’ to see yer missis, perhaps ; so ye’re heartily welcome.’

“ But the visitor went on munching the joint of wild pig, and made no answer.

“ ‘ I’m very consarned about your manners, not offerin’ of me a bite, nor answerin’ a civil question,’ said Mike. ‘ Your bringin’ up is a shame to your old mither, bad luck to ye !’

“ By this time Mike was pretty close up. The hairy gentleman stopped eating, and looked up with very big eyes, and began shaking his old head.

“‘I think I have seen you before,’ the bear seemed to say; ‘you are one of the queer old monkeys that live in the wood. But where is your tail? You have been in one of your fights, and had it pulled off.’

“‘What are you a-mutterin’, ye ignorant old critter?’ cried Mike. ‘Ye’re sayin’ bad words, for shame on ye, or else ye’d spake plain.’

“But the old bear went on munching till he had finished all the nice wild pig, and then he sniffed about, and walked quietly off.

“‘Bad luck to ye! won’t you even say thankee?’ cried Mike; ‘and walking off on all fours, like a baste! Och, you’re no gentleman!’

“So a poor dinner made Mike that day, and smoked his pipe, and crawled into his house, and went to sleep in a blanket.

“But so much did his visitor enjoy his dinner, that he came back in the early morning to get a breakfast.

“Mike heard somebody pawing his round

house, and sniffing about, and asked who was there. But Bruin gave no answer.

“Now there was a great hole in the side of the tub, that had once been a bung-hole, and now was a window. Mike peeped through, and there he saw the rude visitor who stole his dinner.

“‘Good mornin’, misther!’ said he; ‘but I’ve no breakfast to share with ye; ye ate it all yesterday.’

“Then out crawled Mike, and there stood Bruin, with his great hairy paw feeling about.

“‘I won’t shake hands with ye, for ye’re no gentleman,’ said Mike; and he began to move off.

“But Bruin brought down his great claw with such a thump on Mike’s shoulder, that off he jumped with a loud cry, leaving a great piece of his jacket behind. And Bruin made a jump to, and with his other claw made a grab at Mike’s foot, and pulled one leg of his trousers clean off.

“‘Now there’s my suit of clothes spilte,’

cried Mike; 'you rude man! It's all envy because ye've none yoursel.'

"But Mike would not go near Mister Bruin again.

"Then Bruin tried to get near him, and a fine dance they had round the trunks of trees and round the old tub.

" 'You lubberin' baste, I'm too quick for ye!' cried Mike. 'I wish my neighbour Pat was here, and we'd take ye to the magistrate.'

"At last Bruin got tired, and what should he do but creep into Mike's house, and roll himself in the blanket to go to sleep.

" 'There's impudence!' said Mike, peeping round the tub.

"But the house was almost too small for Bruin, so to make a little more room for his body, there was his long hairy tail sticking through the bung-hole.

" 'Now, my gintleman, I've cotched ye,' said Mike; and he took the piece of rope he used for his braces, and picked up a stout piece of wood, and then made a slip-knot,

and fastened the wood to the hairy tail, giving it a mighty good pull at the same time.

“Bruin started out of a happy dream, and tried to crawl out; but there he was fixed.

“‘No, no!’ cried Mike; ‘I’ll hold on to your tail till it breaks, for Pat is a-comin’ to see me, and I’ll ax him what to do wid ye.’

“Then what a shindy they made! Bruin bumped and wriggled about, and roared, and howled, and rolled the tub round and round; but the rope and the stick held firmly, nor would Mike let go with his strong bony hands. So at last, for fear that his tail would really come off with his pulling, Bruin lay still, growling with shame and pain.

“And then at last came Pat to pay his friend a visit; and how he laughed when he saw Mike’s visitor!

“‘It is a baste of a bear,’ said he, ‘and he’s beautiful eating. I’ve brought me pistols, good luck! so we’ll have him for dinner to-day, to make up for yesterday.’

“ ‘ But wouldn’t it be a sin to murther him ? ’ asked Mike.

“ ‘ Then we’ll execute him,’ answered Pat. ‘ You shall be witness—only don’t let go his tail—and I’ll be judge, and we’ll give an honest vardik, like gintlemen.

“ And so they did, and sentenced Bruin to be shot, and skinned him to make a new suit of clothes, and cut him into joints for dinners and suppers.”





CHAPTER XVI.

CHILDREN'S PLAY.

"IF children are healthy and strong they need never be dull," said Aunt Jane.

"And the best way to keep them healthy," said uncle, "is to let them have plenty to do—plenty of work and plenty of play."

"No doubt," said papa; "and the world is so full of interesting things to learn and to do that they may always be kept occupied. Everything is so fresh to them, and all children are fond of finding things out, and of imitating what they see done."

"But sometimes they are sickly and weak," said mamma, "and then they fidget, and soon get tired. However, there are many pretty books and quiet games for children that cannot bear much rough play."

"And the more interested and happy they are," said papa, "the more likely they are to grow out of their weakness and get strong."

"It is a very good thing when children

find out games for themselves, and do not need other people to amuse them," said aunt.

"And this they will most of them do, more or less," papa answered, "if they are put in the way, and if what they do is noticed by the grown-up folks."

"I am very pleased you brought all your children down here," said uncle. "How happy they have all been! Children amuse one another very much."

"We are all delighted with our visit," said mamma; "and you must come, and bring Guy and Poppet, to stay with us in town."

"We have a great many strange sights to show them," said papa; "and we have parks though no fields."

"Just look at the children altogether in the garden!" said Aunt Jane, looking through the window. "Whatever have they found out to do now? Fidget is carrying a lot of osiers, from the pond I suppose, and the girls have all got baskets."

"Why," uncle explained, "they all went

to the village yesterday, and watched the old man, Simple Joe, making baskets. No doubt they are trying to imitate him, and mean to make some baskets themselves."

"A capital thing!" said papa; "it teaches their eyes to notice, and their fingers to be handy. It is as good for them as book-lessons."

"Play and work all in one," said uncle.

GOOD-BYE.

At last these happy days were passed, and the sorrowful morning came when the cousins had to wish each other good-bye. But they had one great comfort: Guy and Poppet were to come to town for the merry Christmas, and then they would all play together again, and have great fun. There they all stood at the quiet country railway station, waiting for the train to come up.

"I wish the engine would blow up, or take the train the wrong way, and never come for us at all," said Bobby.

"But then the next one would come all

the same," said Willie, "so we should not gain much."

"I shall write and tell you about my rabbits, and all that happens," said Guy.

"And so will we," said Willie.

The girls stood very quietly together, and scarcely said one word. Kitty's eyes looked rather red, but if the others had been crying it did not show.

"Here comes the dreadful train," said Poppet.

"I shall take the dolly you gave me to bed to-night," said Polly; "and I shall always think of you when I kiss it."

Then there was a great shaking of hands, and kissing, and saying "Good-bye," and then mamma and the rest got into the train, and took their places.

"Good-bye! A pleasant journey to you!" said uncle.

"Good-bye! Don't forget Christmas," answered papa, and off rattled the train back to town.







